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©1981 MARVEL COMICS GROUP
THE UNCANNY
X-MEN™
vs. MURDERWORLD!
GUESS WHO WINS?
COCKRUM/RUBINSTEIN

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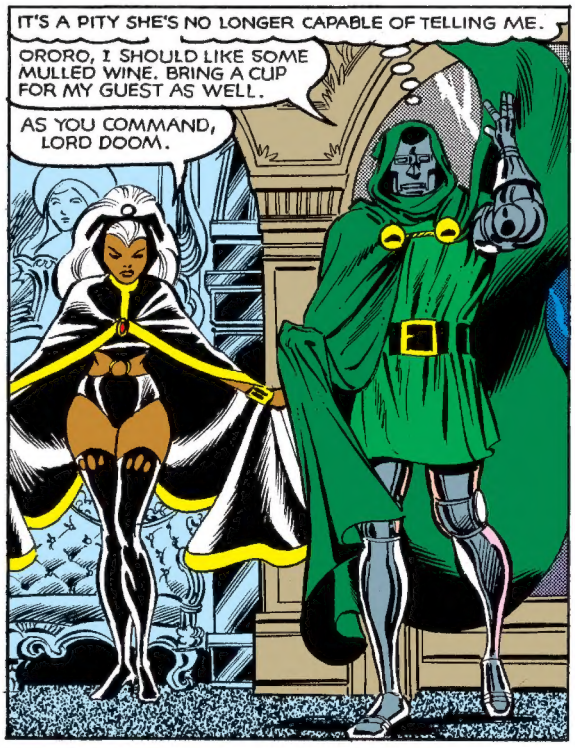
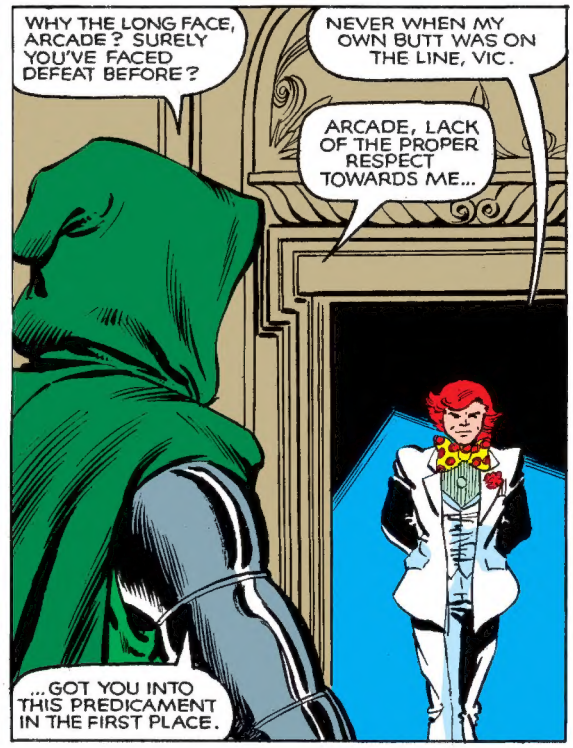
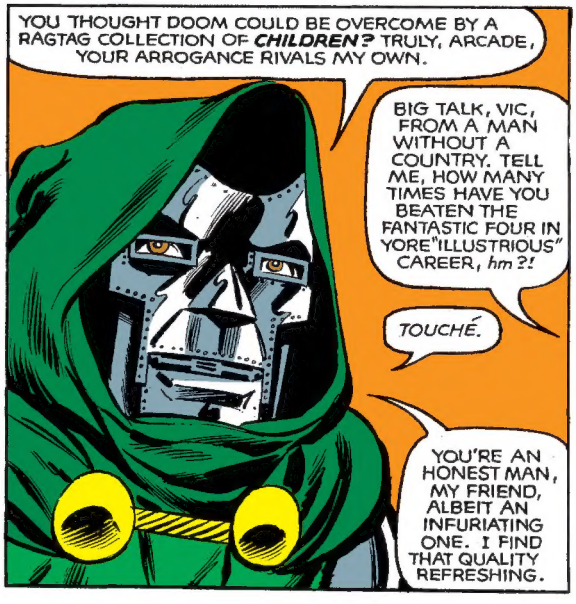
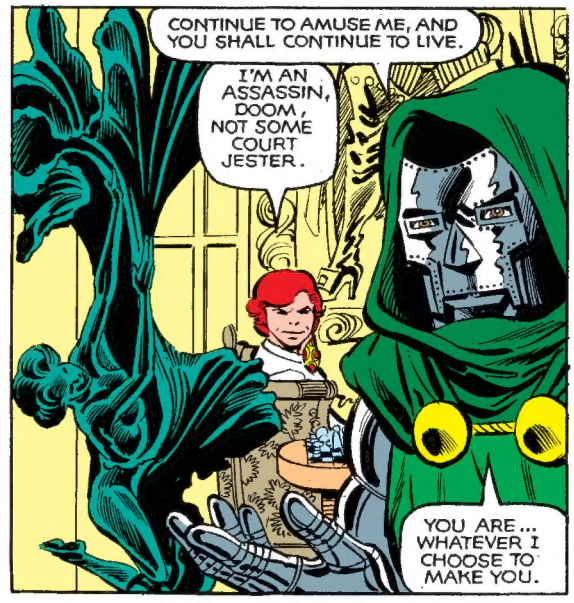
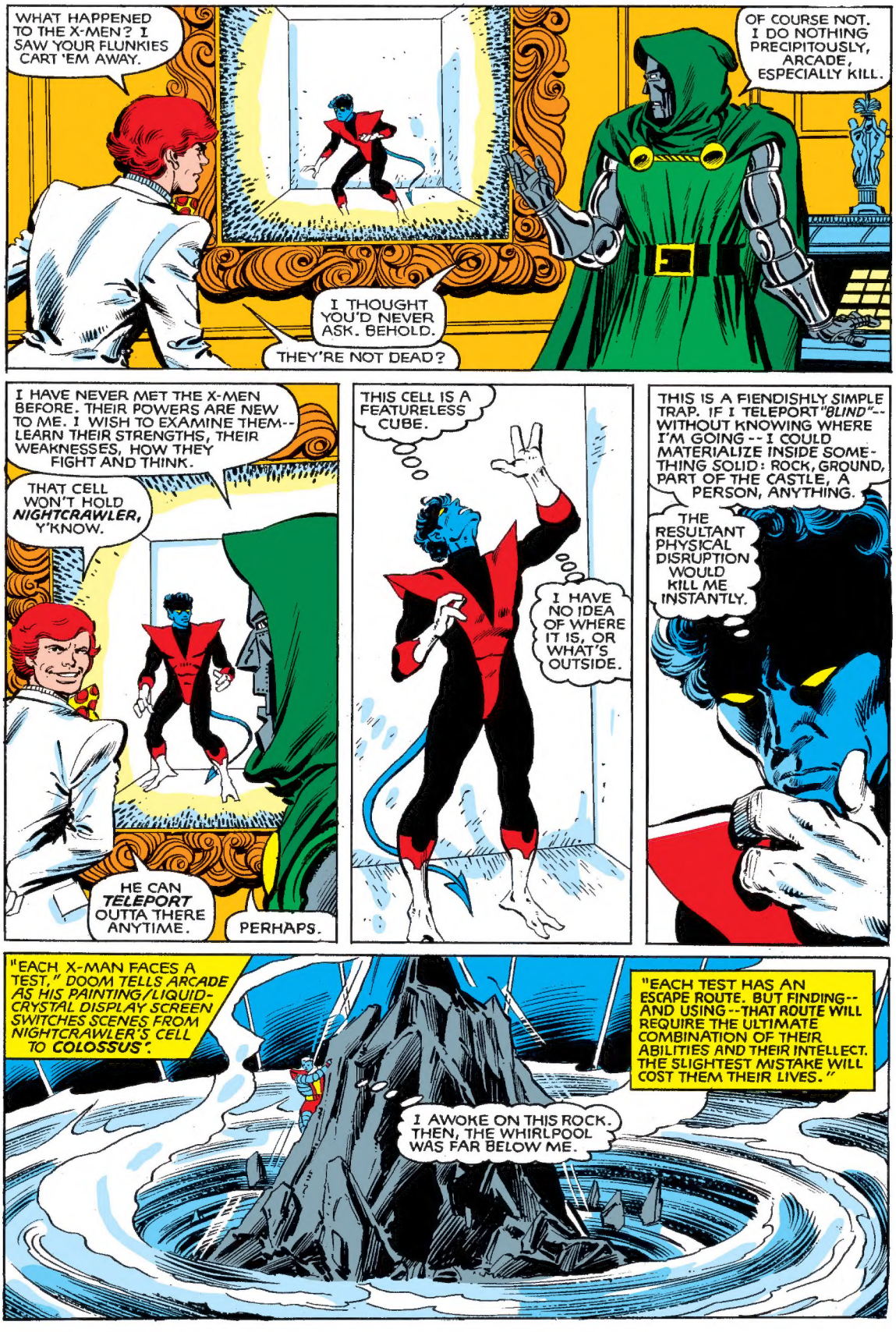

IT'S A PITY SHE'S NO LONGER CAPABLE OF TELLING ME.
ORORO, I SHOULD LIKE SOME MULLED WINE. BRING A CUP FOR MY GUEST AS WELL.
AS YOU COMMAND, LORD DOOM.

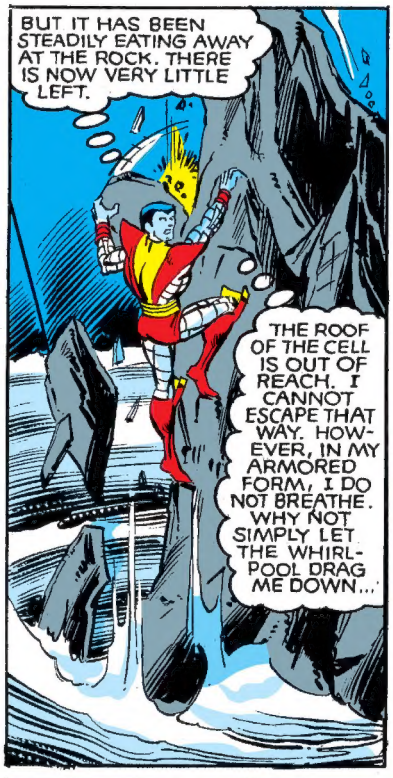

WHY THE LONG FACE, ARCADE? SURELY YOU'VE FACED DEFEAT BEFORE?
NEVER WHEN MY OWN BUTT WAS ON THE LINE, VIC.
ARCADE, LACK OF THE PROPER RESPECT TOWARDS ME...
...GOT YOU INTO THIS PREDICAMENT IN THE FIRST PLACE.

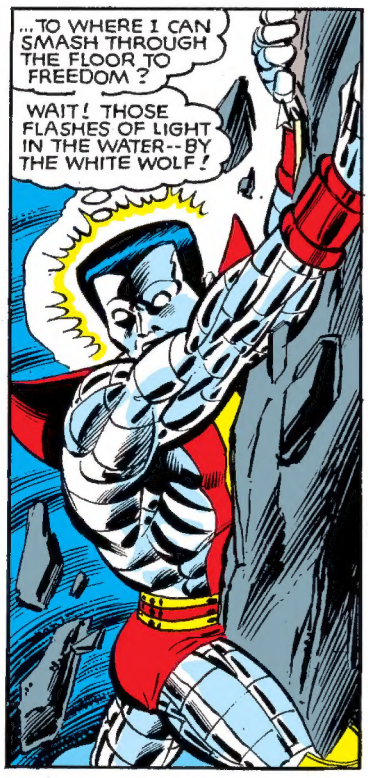
DON'T PUSH YOUR LUCK.
I BEEN DOIN' THAT SINCE THE DAY I WAS BORN, DOC. I'M A HIGH STAKES PLAYER-- THE HIGHER, THE BETTER. PLAYIN' A DYNAMITE GAME IS A LOT MORE FUN TA ME THAN WINNIN' IT.
I AIN'T ABOUT TA CHANGE.
I JUST EXPECTED BETTER FROM THE X-MEN.

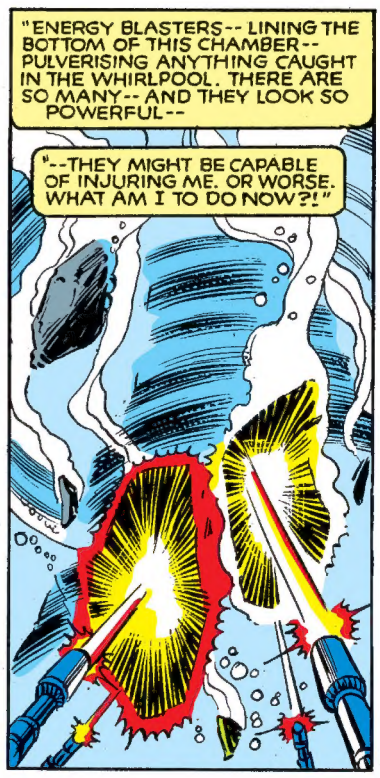

YOU THOUGHT DOOM COULD BE OVERCOME BY A RAGTAG COLLECTION OF CHILDREN? TRULY, ARCADE, YOUR ARROGANCE RIVALS MY OWN.
BIG TALK, VIC, FROM A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY. TELL ME, HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU BEATEN THE FANTASTIC FOUR IN YORE "ILLUSTRIOUS" CAREER, hm?!
TOUCHÉ.
YOU'RE AN HONEST MAN, MY FRIEND, ALBEIT AN INFURIATING ONE. I FIND THAT QUALITY REFRESHING.

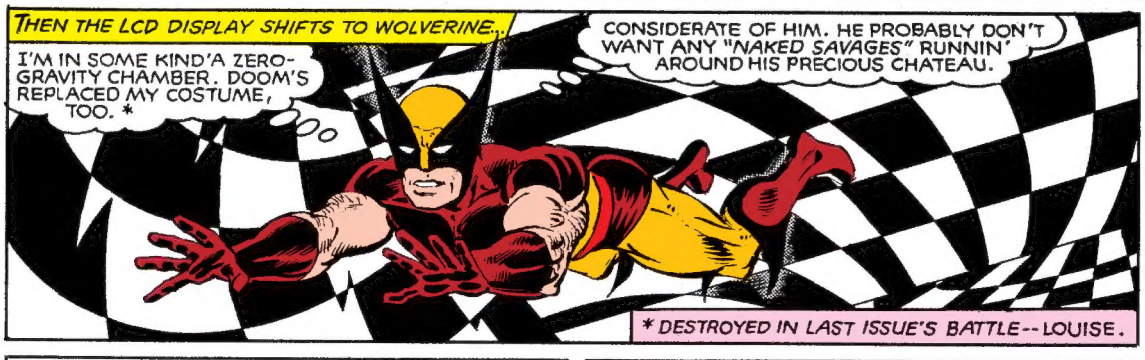

CONTINUE TO AMUSE ME, AND YOU SHALL CONTINUE TO LIVE.
I'M AN ASSASSIN, DOOM, NOT SOME COURT JESTER.
YOU ARE... WHATEVER I CHOOSE TO MAKE YOU.


WHAT HAPPENED TO THE X-MEN? I SAW YOUR FLUNKIES CART 'EM AWAY.
OF COURSE NOT. I DO NOTHING PRECIPITOUSLY, ARCADE, ESPECIALLY KILL.
I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER ASK. BEHOLD.
THEY'RE NOT DEAD?
I HAVE NEVER MET THE X-MEN BEFORE. THEIR POWERS ARE NEW TO ME. I WISH TO EXAMINE THEM--LEARN THEIR STRENGTHS, THEIR WEAKNESSES, HOW THEY FIGHT AND THINK.
THAT CELL WON'T HOLD NIGHTCRAWLER, Y'KNOW.
HE CAN TELEPORT OUTTA THERE ANYTIME.
PERHAPS.
THIS CELL IS A FEATURELESS CUBE.
I HAVE NO IDEA OF WHERE IT IS, OR WHAT'S OUTSIDE.
THIS IS A FIENDISHLY SIMPLE TRAP. IF I TELEPORT "BLIND"--WITHOUT KNOWING WHERE I'M GOING--I COULD MATERIALIZE INSIDE SOMETHING SOLID: ROCK, GROUND, PART OF THE CASTLE, A PERSON, ANYTHING.
THE RESULTANT PHYSICAL DISRUPTION WOULD KILL ME INSTANTLY.
"EACH X-MAN FACES A TEST," DOOM TELLS ARCADE AS HIS PAINTING/LIQUID-CRYSTAL DISPLAY SCREEN SWITCHES SCENES FROM NIGHTCRAWLER'S CELL TO COLOSSUS'.
"EACH TEST HAS AN ESCAPE ROUTE. BUT FINDING--AND USING--THAT ROUTE WILL REQUIRE THE ULTIMATE COMBINATION OF THEIR ABILITIES AND THEIR INTELLECT. THE SLIGHTEST MISTAKE WILL COST THEM THEIR LIVES."
I AWOKE ON THIS ROCK. THEN, THE WHIRLPOOL WAS FAR BELOW ME.


BUT IT HAS BEEN STEADILY EATING AWAY AT THE ROCK. THERE IS NOW VERY LITTLE LEFT.
THE ROOF OF THE CELL IS OUT OF REACH. I CANNOT ESCAPE THAT WAY. HOWEVER, IN MY ARMORED FORM, I DO NOT BREATHE. WHY NOT SIMPLY LET THE WHIRLPOOL DRAG ME DOWN...

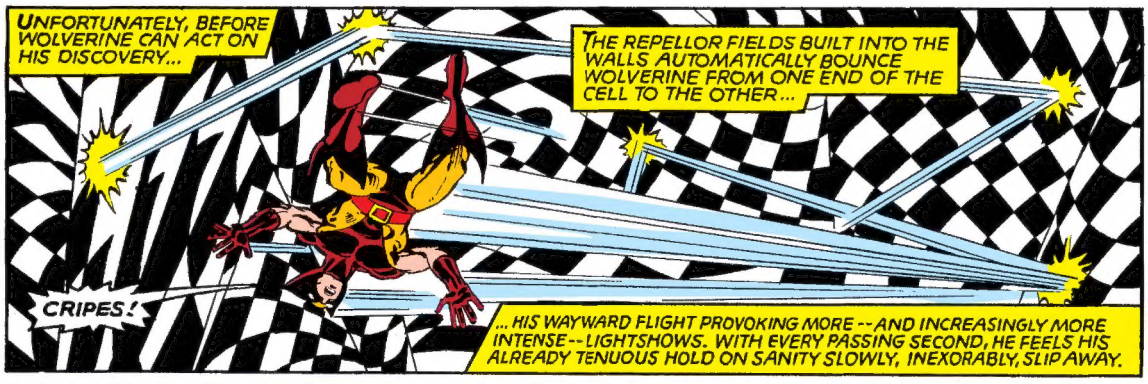

...TO WHERE I CAN SMASH THROUGH THE FLOOR TO FREEDOM ?
WAIT! THOSE FLASHES OF LIGHT IN THE WATER--BY THE WHITE WOLF!

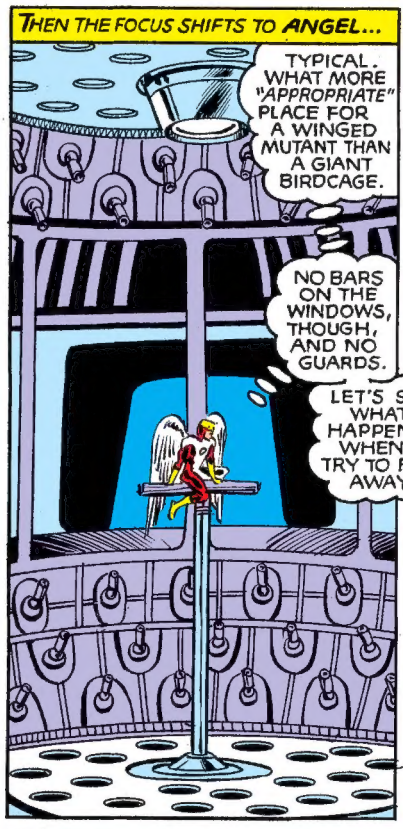

"ENERGY BLASTERS-- LINING THE BOTTOM OF THIS CHAMBER-- PULVERISING ANYTHING CAUGHT IN THE WHIRLPOOL. THERE ARE SO MANY-- AND THEY LOOK SO POWERFUL--
"--THEY MIGHT BE CAPABLE OF INJURING ME. OR WORSE. WHAT AM I TO DO NOW?!"

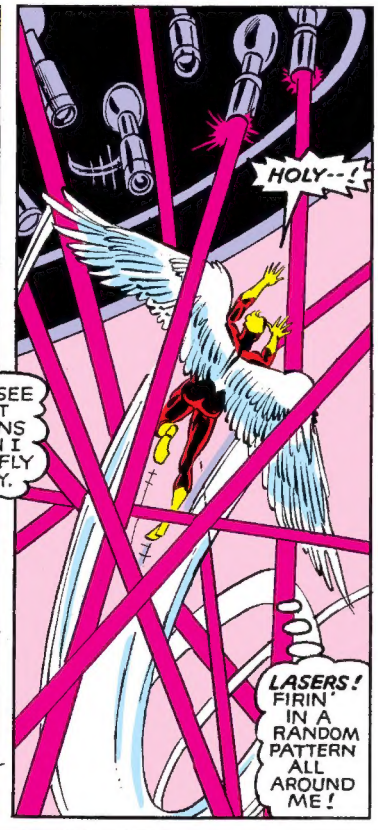

THEN THE LCD DISPLAY SHIFTS TO WOLVERINE...
I'M IN SOME KIND'A ZERO-GRAVITY CHAMBER. DOOM'S REPLACED MY COSTUME, TOO. *
CONSIDERATE OF HIM. HE PROBABLY DON'T WANT ANY "NAKED SAVAGES" RUNNIN' AROUND HIS PRECIOUS CHATEAU.
* DESTROYED IN LAST ISSUE'S BATTLE--LOUISE.

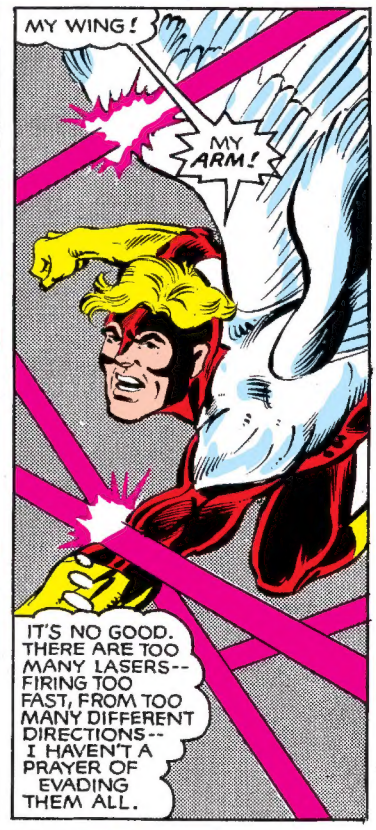
THESE FLAMIN' OP-ART WALLS ARE SCRAMBLIN' MY SENSES, DISORIENTING ME. I GOT NO IDEA HOW BIG THIS ROOM IS, OR HOW CLOSE I AM TA THE WALLS.
AN' EVERY TIME I MOVE--EVEN SO MUCH AS A TWITCH-- I TRIGGER A PSYCHEDELIC LIGHT-SHOW THAT DARN NEAR BLOWS MY HEAD APART.

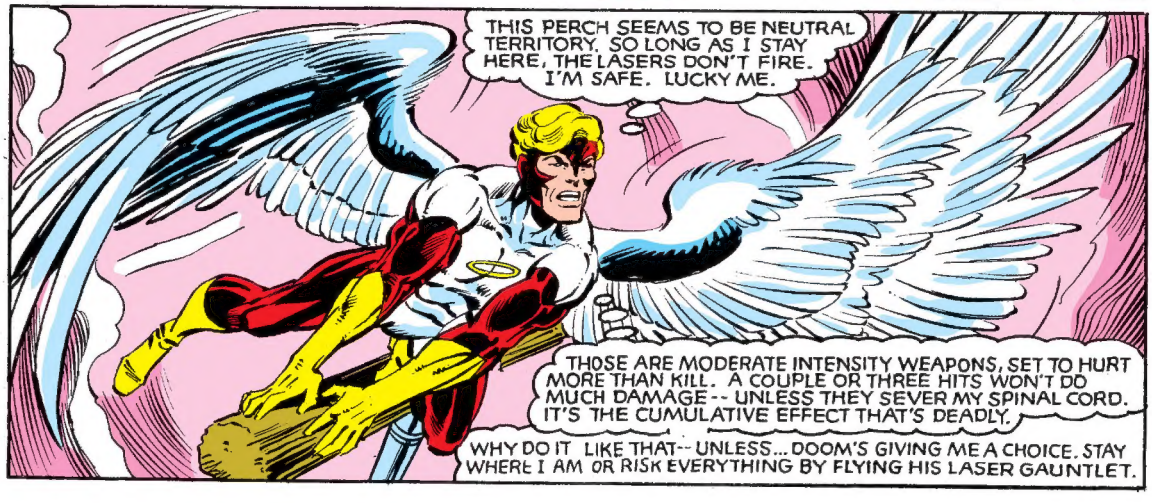
IT'S MAKIN' ME CRAZY. THE HARDER I TRY TA STAY IN CONTROL, THE WORSE EV'RYTHING GETS-- HUH?!
I HIT SOMETHING-- A WALL!

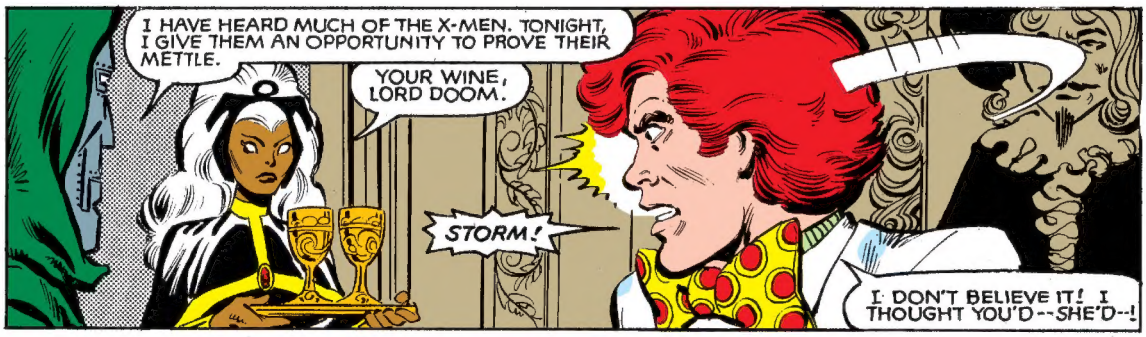

UNFORTUNATELY, BEFORE WOLVERINE CAN ACT ON HIS DISCOVERY...
THE REPELLOR FIELDS BUILT INTO THE WALLS AUTOMATICALLY BOUNCE WOLVERINE FROM ONE END OF THE CELL TO THE OTHER...
CRIPES!
... HIS WAYWARD FLIGHT PROVOKING MORE -- AND INCREASINGLY MORE INTENSE -- LIGHTSHOWS. WITH EVERY PASSING SECOND, HE FEELS HIS ALREADY TENUOUS HOLD ON SANITY SLOWLY, INEXORABLY, SLIP AWAY.

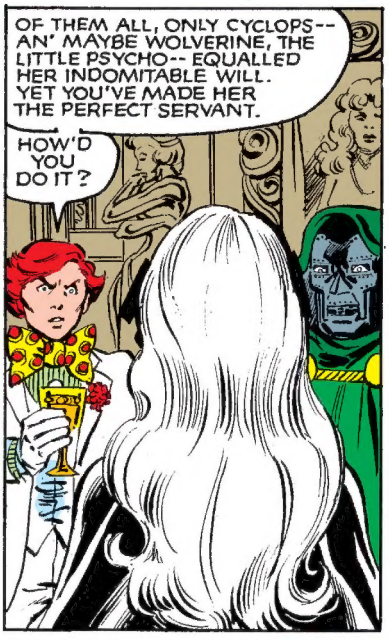

THEN THE FOCUS SHIFTS TO ANGEL...
TYPICAL. WHAT MORE "APPROPRIATE" PLACE FOR A WINGED MUTANT THAN A GIANT BIRDCAGE.
NO BARS ON THE WINDOWS, THOUGH, AND NO GUARDS.
LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I TRY TO FLY AWAY.


HOLY--!
LASERS! FIRIN' IN A RANDOM PATTERN ALL AROUND ME!

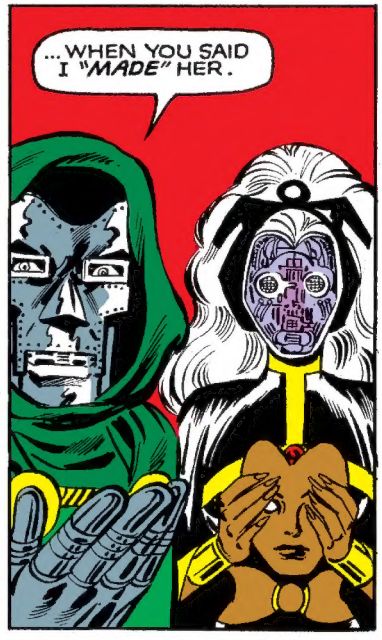

MY WING!
MY ARM!
IT'S NO GOOD. THERE ARE TOO MANY LASERS -- FIRING TOO FAST, FROM TOO MANY DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS -- I HAVEN'T A PRAYER OF EVADING THEM ALL.

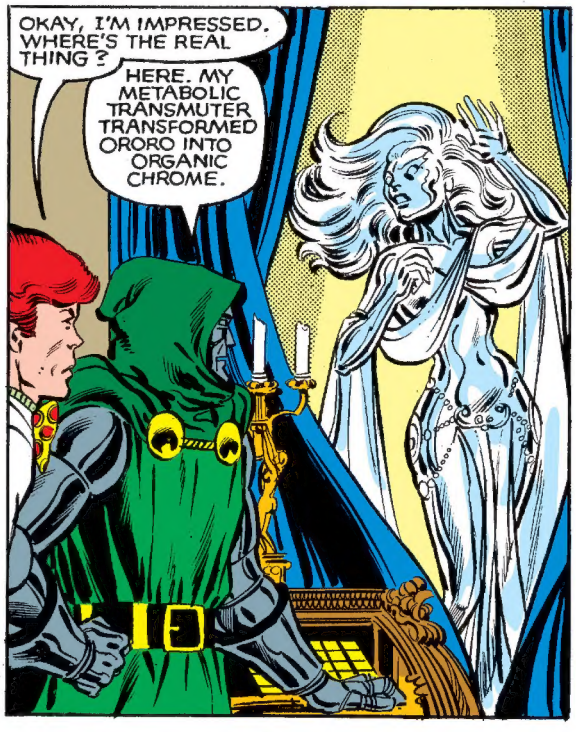

THIS PERCH SEEMS TO BE NEUTRAL TERRITORY. SO LONG AS I STAY HERE, THE LASERS DON'T FIRE. I'M SAFE. LUCKY ME.
THOSE ARE MODERATE INTENSITY WEAPONS, SET TO HURT MORE THAN KILL. A COUPLE OR THREE HITS WON'T DO MUCH DAMAGE -- UNLESS THEY SEVER MY SPINAL CORD. IT'S THE CUMULATIVE EFFECT THAT'S DEADLY.
WHY DO IT LIKE THAT -- UNLESS... DOOM'S GIVING ME A CHOICE. STAY WHERE I AM OR RISK EVERYTHING BY FLYING HIS LASER GAUNTLET.


I HAVE HEARD MUCH OF THE X-MEN. TONIGHT, I GIVE THEM AN OPPORTUNITY TO PROVE THEIR METTLE.
YOUR WINE, LORD DOOM.
STORM!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT! I THOUGHT YOU'D--SHE'D--!

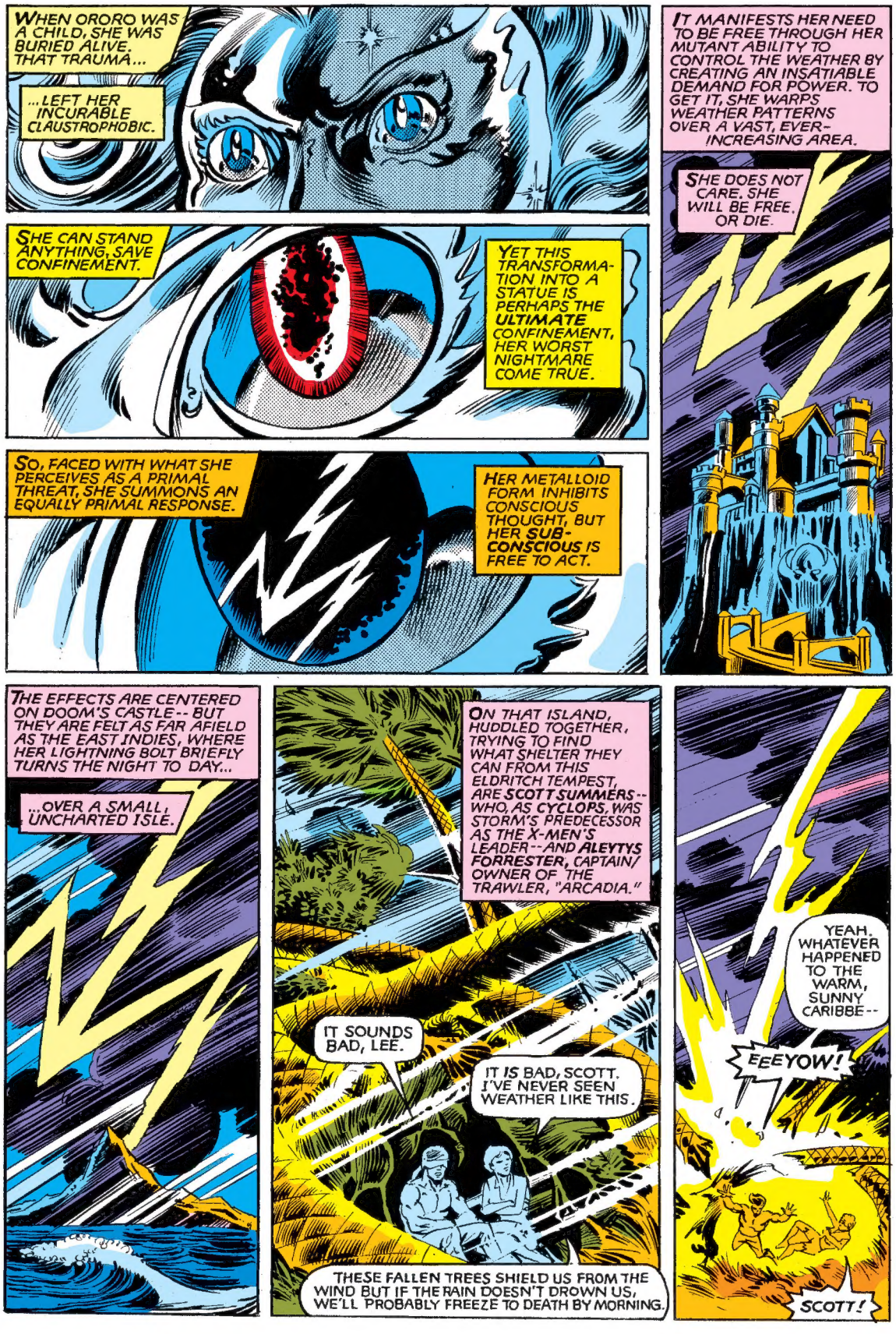

OF THEM ALL, ONLY CYCLOPS-- AN' MAYBE WOLVERINE, THE LITTLE PSYCHO-- EQUALLED HER INDOMITABLE WILL. YET YOU'VE MADE HER THE PERFECT SERVANT.
HOW'D YOU DO IT?

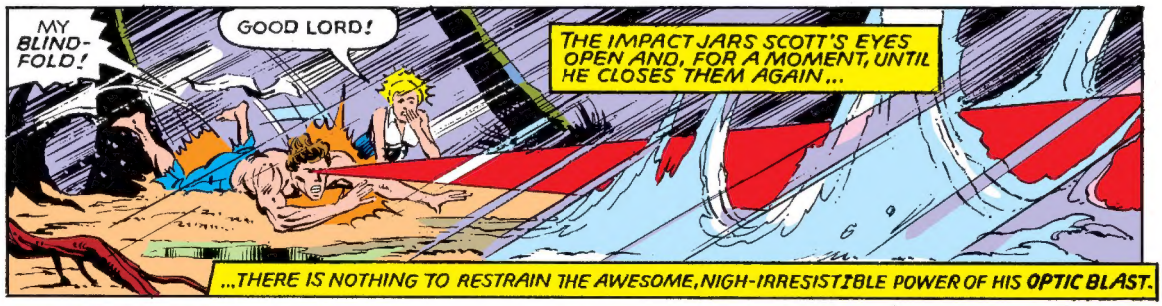
THERE IS VERY LITTLE I CANNOT DO, ARCADE.
BUT YOU SPOKE TRUER THAN YOU KNEW...

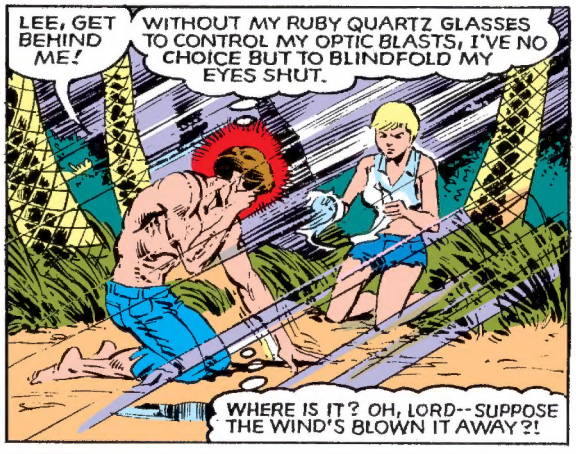

...WHEN YOU SAID I "MADE" HER.

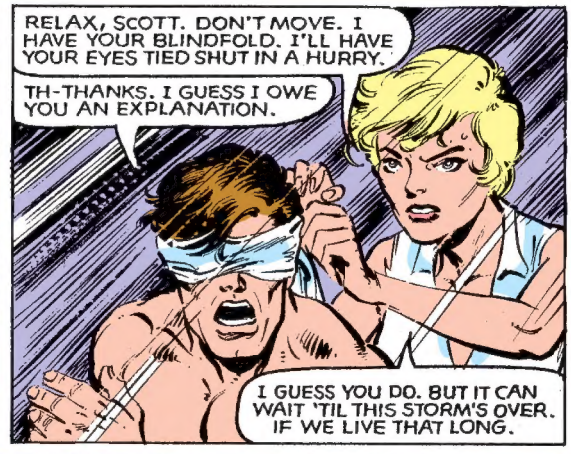

OKAY, I'M IMPRESSED. WHERE'S THE REAL THING?
HERE. MY METABOLIC TRANSMUTER TRANSFORMED ORORO INTO ORGANIC CHROME.

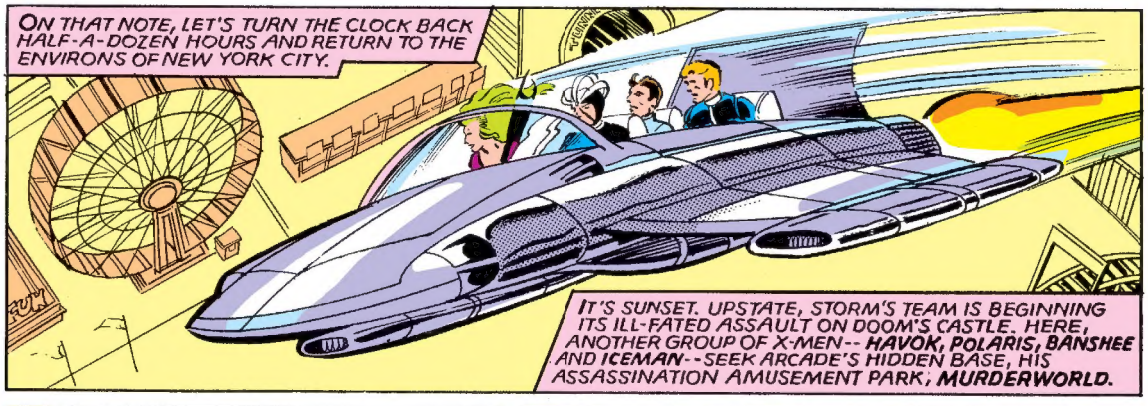
IN SUBTANCE, SHE IS NOT UNLIKE THE ORGANIC STEEL THAT COMPRISES COLOSSUS ARMORED FORM. EXCEPT THAT HIS LIFE PROCESSES ARE NORMAL, WHILE HERS HAVE BEEN SLOWED TO ALMOST NOTHING. HE CAN MOVE. SHE CANNOT.
CRUEL, DOC. TOO CRUEL.
I WISH I'D THOUGHT OF IT.
I HAVE SPARED THE CHILD THE RAVAGES OF AGE. SHE WILL LIVE-- AND REMAIN BEAUTIFUL-- FOREVER.

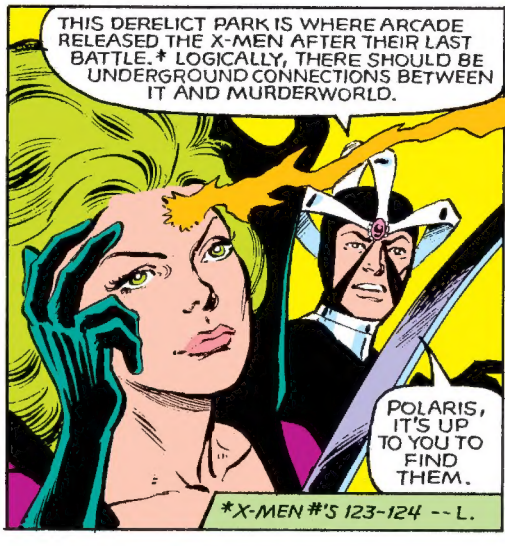

WHEN ORORO WAS A CHILD, SHE WAS BURIED ALIVE. THAT TRAUMA...
...LEFT HER INCURABLE CLAUSTROPHOBIC.
SHE CAN STAND ANYTHING, SAVE CONFINEMENT.
YET THIS TRANSFORMATION INTO A STATUE IS PERHAPS THE ULTIMATE CONFINEMENT, HER WORST NIGHTMARE COME TRUE.
SO, FACED WITH WHAT SHE PERCEIVES AS A PRIMAL THREAT, SHE SUMMONS AN EQUALLY PRIMAL RESPONSE.
HER METALLOID FORM INHIBITS CONSCIOUS THOUGHT, BUT HER SUB-CONSCIOUS IS FREE TO ACT.
IT MANIFESTS HER NEED TO BE FREE THROUGH HER MUTANT ABILITY TO CONTROL THE WEATHER BY CREATING AN INSATIABLE DEMAND FOR POWER. TO GET IT, SHE WARPS WEATHER PATTERNS OVER A VAST, EVER-INCREASING AREA.
SHE DOES NOT CARE. SHE WILL BE FREE, OR DIE.
THE EFFECTS ARE CENTERED ON DOOM'S CASTLE-- BUT THEY ARE FELT AS FAR AFIELD AS THE EAST INDIES, WHERE HER LIGHTNING BOLT BRIEFLY TURNS THE NIGHT TO DAY...
...OVER A SMALL, UNCHARTED ISLE.
ON THAT ISLAND, HUDDLED TOGETHER, TRYING TO FIND WHAT SHELTER THEY CAN FROM THIS ELDRITCH TEMPEST, ARE SCOTT SUMMERS-- WHO, AS CYCLOPS, WAS STORM'S PREDECESSOR AS THE X-MEN'S LEADER--AND ALEYTYS FORRESTER, CAPTAIN/OWNER OF THE TRAWLER, "ARCADIA."
IT SOUNDS BAD, LEE.
IT IS BAD, SCOTT. I'VE NEVER SEEN WEATHER LIKE THIS.
THESE FALLEN TREES SHIELD US FROM THE WIND BUT IF THE RAIN DOESN'T DROWN US, WE'LL PROBABLY FREEZE TO DEATH BY MORNING.
YEAH. WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE WARM, SUNNY CARIBBE--
EEEYOW!
SCOTT!

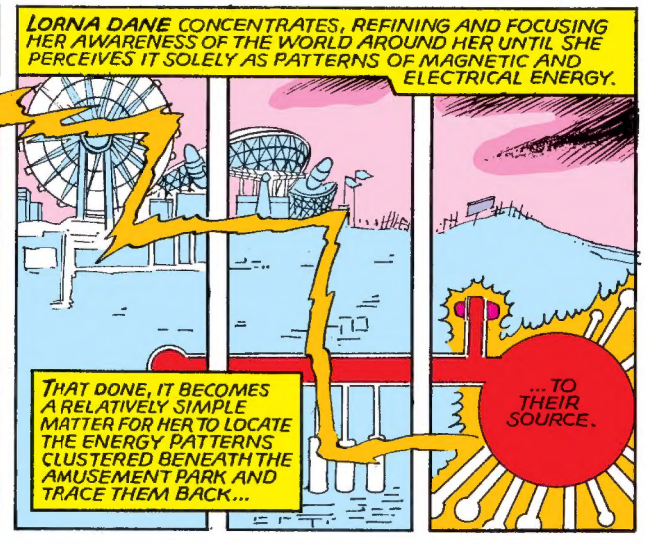

MY BLIND-FOLD!
GOOD LORD!
THE IMPACT JARS SCOTT'S EYES OPEN AND, FOR A MOMENT, UNTIL HE CLOSES THEM AGAIN...
...THERE IS NOTHING TO RESTRAIN THE AWESOME, NIGH-IRRESISTIBLE POWER OF HIS OPTIC BLAST.

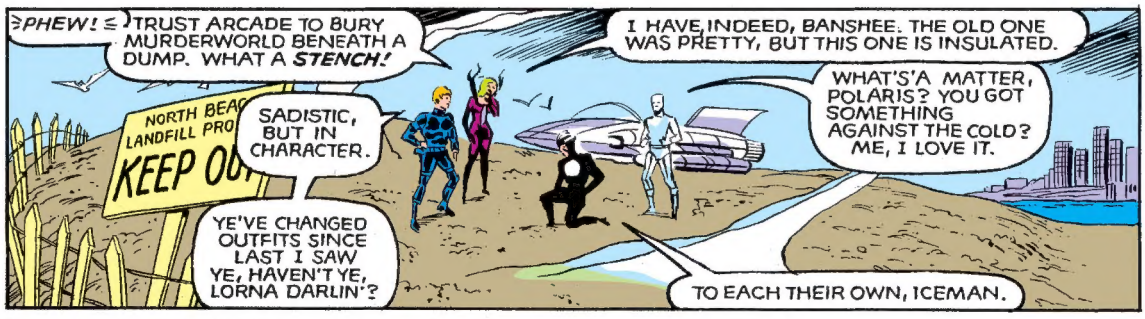

LEE, GET BEHIND ME!
WITHOUT MY RUBY QUARTZ GLASSES TO CONTROL MY OPTIC BLASTS, I'VE NO CHOICE BUT TO BLINDFOLD MY EYES SHUT.
WHERE IS IT? OH, LORD--SUPPOSE THE WIND'S BLOWN IT AWAY?!


RELAX, SCOTT. DON'T MOVE. I HAVE YOUR BLINDFOLD. I'LL HAVE YOUR EYES TIED SHUT IN A HURRY.
TH-THANKS. I GUESS I OWE YOU AN EXPLANATION.
I GUESS YOU DO. BUT IT CAN WAIT 'TIL THIS STORM'S OVER. IF WE LIVE THAT LONG.

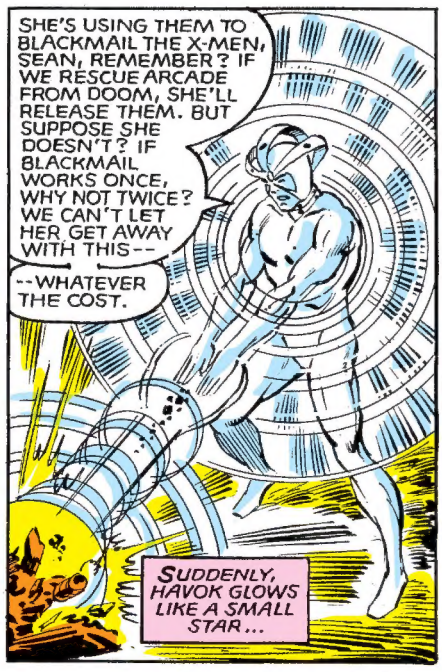

ON THAT NOTE, LET'S TURN THE CLOCK BACK HALF-A-DOZEN HOURS AND RETURN TO THE ENVIRONS OF NEW YORK CITY.
IT'S SUNSET. UPSTATE, STORM'S TEAM IS BEGINNING ITS ILL-FATED ASSAULT ON DOOM'S CASTLE. HERE, ANOTHER GROUP OF X-MEN-- HAVOK, POLARIS, BANSHEE AND ICEMAN--SEEK ARCADE'S HIDDEN BASE, HIS ASSASSINATION AMUSEMENT PARK, MURDERWORLD.

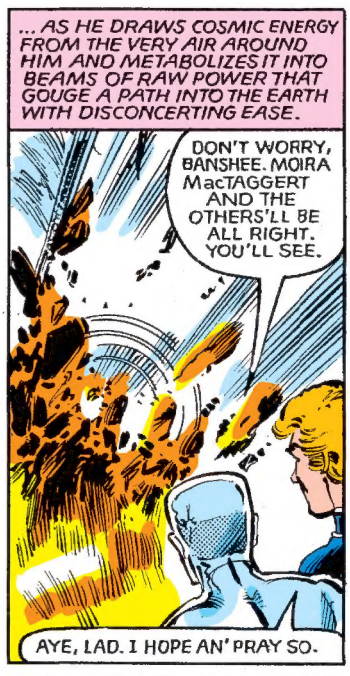

THIS DERELICT PARK IS WHERE ARCADE RELEASED THE X-MEN AFTER THEIR LAST BATTLE.* LOGICALLY, THERE SHOULD BE UNDERGROUND CONNECTIONS BETWEEN IT AND MURDERWORLD.
POLARIS, IT'S UP TO YOU TO FIND THEM.
*X-MEN #'S 123-124 -- L.

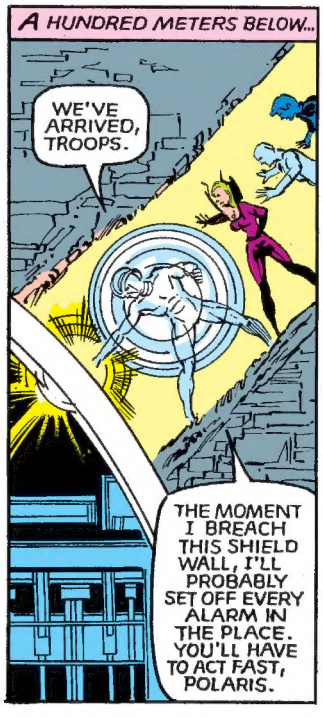

LORNA DANE CONCENTRATES, REFINING AND FOCUSING HER AWARENESS OF THE WORLD AROUND HER UNTIL SHE PERCEIVES IT SOLELY AS PATTERNS OF MAGNETIC AND ELECTRICAL ENERGY.
THAT DONE, IT BECOMES A RELATIVELY SIMPLE MATTER FOR HER TO LOCATE THE ENERGY PATTERNS CLUSTERED BENEATH THE AMUSEMENT PARK AND TRACE THEM BACK...
...TO THEIR SOURCE.

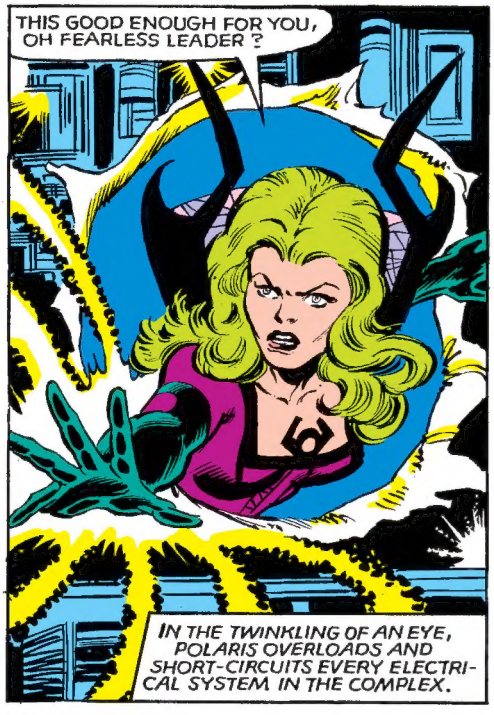

PHEW!
TRUST ARCADE TO BURY MURDERWORLD BENEATH A DUMP. WHAT A STENCH!
NORTH BEA
LANDFILL PRO
KEEP OU
SADISTIC, BUT IN CHARACTER.
YE'VE CHANGED OUTFITS SINCE LAST I SAW YE, HAVEN'T YE, LORNA DARLIN'?
I HAVE, INDEED, BANSHEE. THE OLD ONE WAS PRETTY, BUT THIS ONE IS INSULATED.
WHAT'S'A MATTER, POLARIS? YOU GOT SOMETHING AGAINST THE COLD? ME, I LOVE IT.
TO EACH THEIR OWN, ICEMAN.

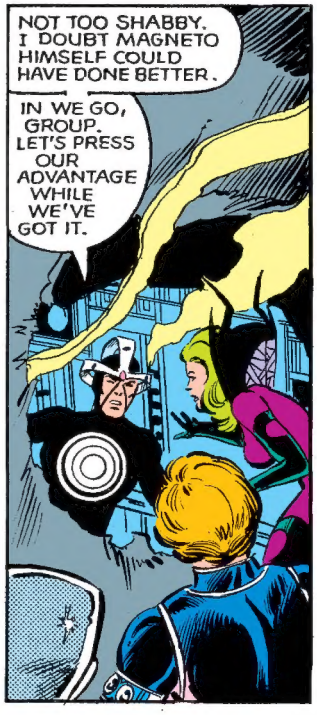
THIS IS OUR LAST CHANCE T' RECONSIDER. ARCADE'S LADY, MISS LOCKE, IS HOLDIN' OUR LOVED ONES HOSTAGE IN MURDERWORLD. OUR ATTACK COULD SIGN THEIR DEATH WARRANTS.
IT'S A RISK WE HAVE TO TAKE, BANSHEE.

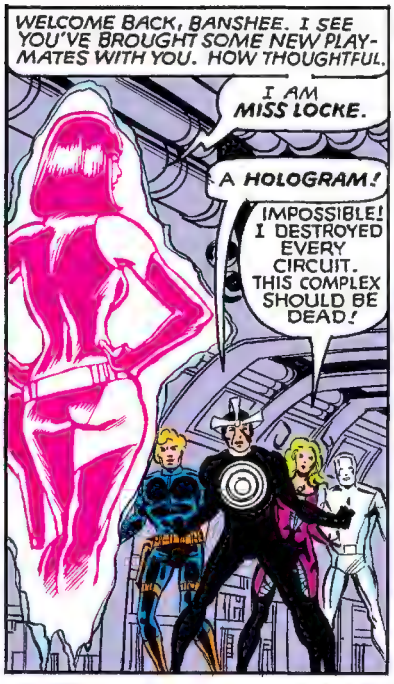

SHE'S USING THEM TO BLACKMAIL THE X-MEN, SEAN, REMEMBER? IF WE RESCUE ARCADE FROM DOOM, SHE'LL RELEASE THEM. BUT SUPPOSE SHE DOESN'T? IF BLACKMAIL WORKS ONCE, WHY NOT TWICE? WE CAN'T LET HER GET AWAY WITH THIS--
--WHATEVER THE COST.
SUDDENLY, HAVOK GLOWS LIKE A SMALL STAR...


... AS HE DRAWS COSMIC ENERGY FROM THE VERY AIR AROUND HIM AND METABOLIZES IT INTO BEAMS OF RAW POWER THAT GOUGE A PATH INTO THE EARTH WITH DISCONCERTING EASE.
DON'T WORRY, BANSHEE. MOIRA MacTAGGERT AND THE OTHERS'LL BE ALL RIGHT. YOU'LL SEE.
AYE, LAD. I HOPE AN' PRAY SO.

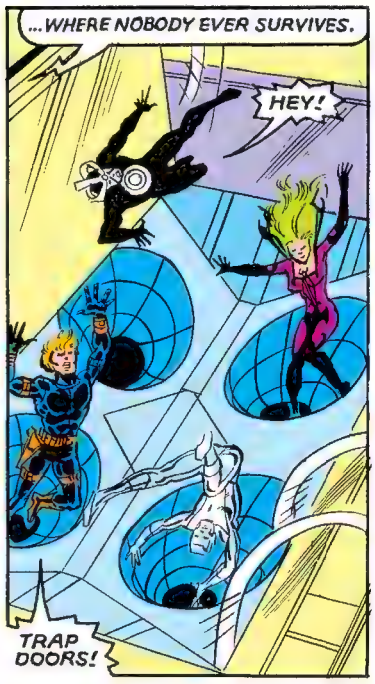

A HUNDRED METERS BELOW...
WE'VE ARRIVED, TROOPS.
THE MOMENT I BREACH THIS SHIELD WALL, I'LL PROBABLY SET OFF EVERY ALARM IN THE PLACE. YOU'LL HAVE TO ACT FAST, POLARIS.


THIS GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU, OH FEARLESS LEADER?
IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE, POLARIS OVERLOADS AND SHORT-CIRCUITS EVERY ELECTRICAL SYSTEM IN THE COMPLEX.

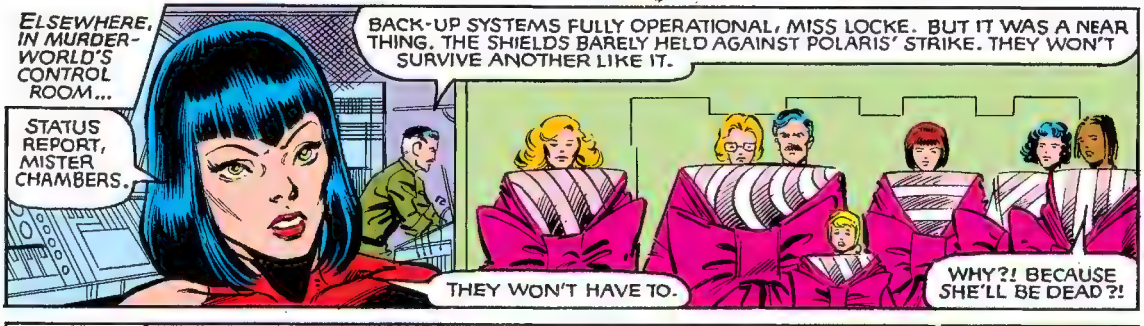

NOT TOO SHABBY. I DOUBT MAGNETO HIMSELF COULD HAVE DONE BETTER.
IN WE GO, GROUP. LET'S PRESS OUR ADVANTAGE WHILE WE'VE GOT IT.

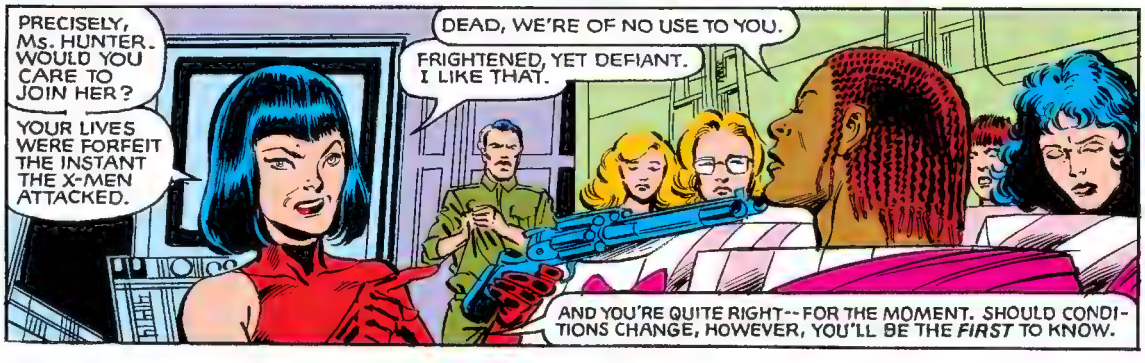

WELCOME BACK, BANSHEE. I SEE YOU'VE BROUGHT SOME NEW PLAY-MATES WITH YOU. HOW THOUGHTFUL.
I AM MISS LOCKE.
A HOLOGRAM!
IMPOSSIBLE! I DESTROYED EVERY CIRCUIT. THIS COMPLEX SHOULD BE DEAD!

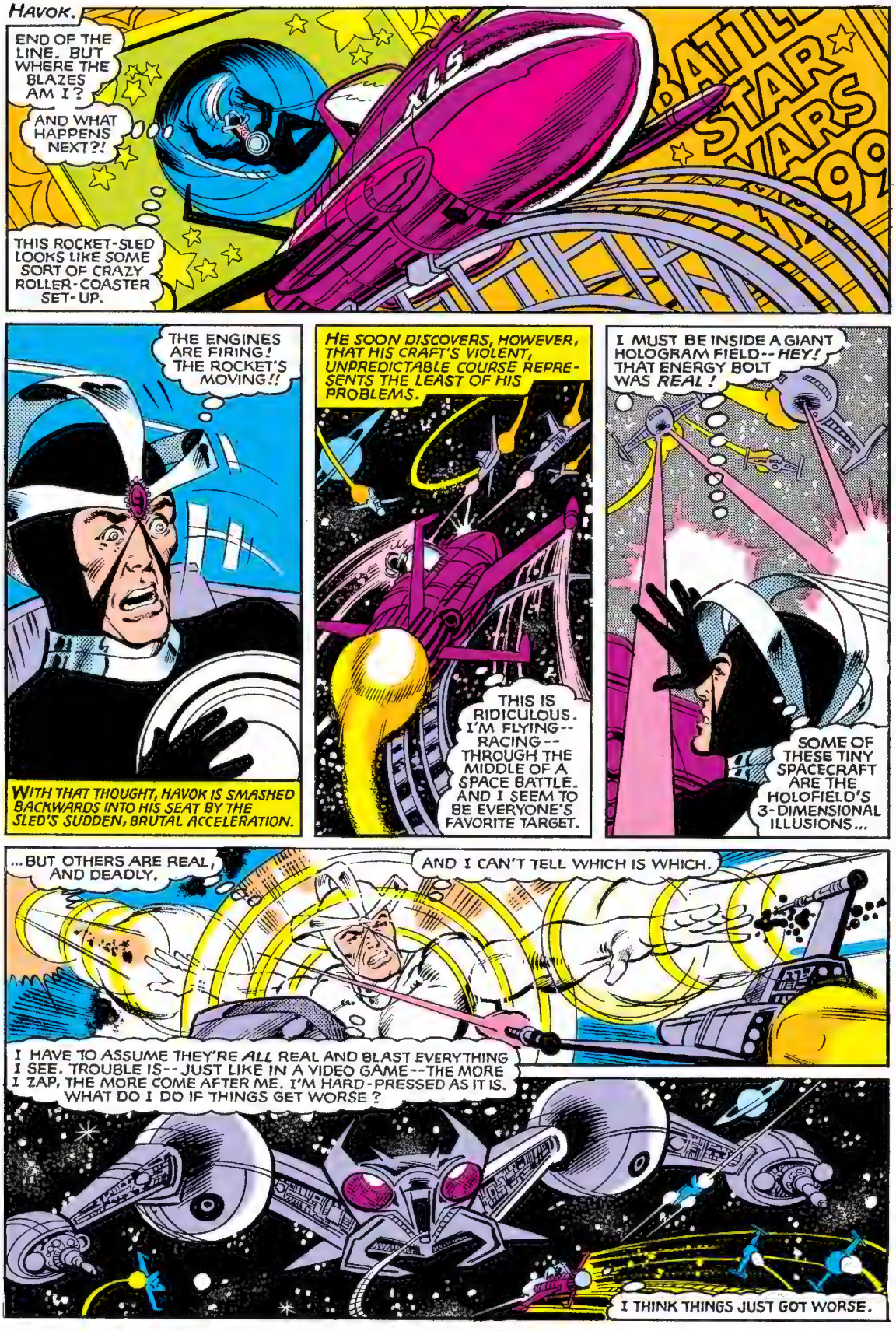
I'M AFRAID NOT, MY DEAR. AS YOU'LL SOON DISCOVER.
WELCOME TO MURDERWORLD, X-MEN.
POP

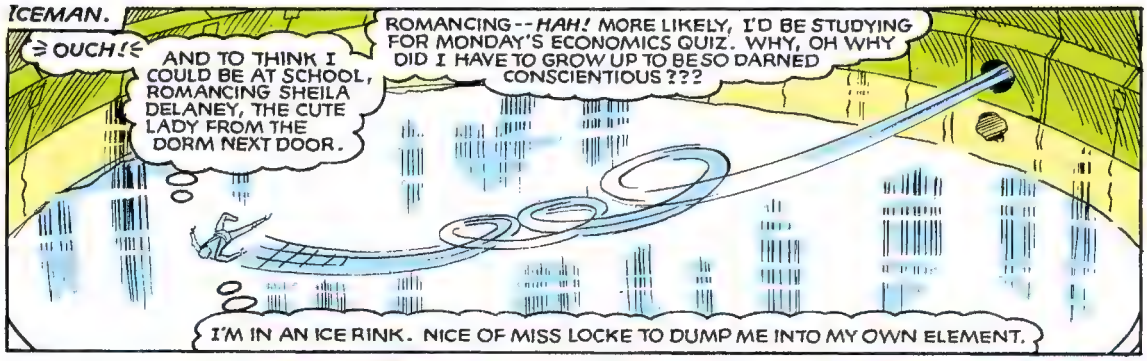

...WHERE NOBODY EVER SURVIVES.
HEY!
TRAP DOORS!

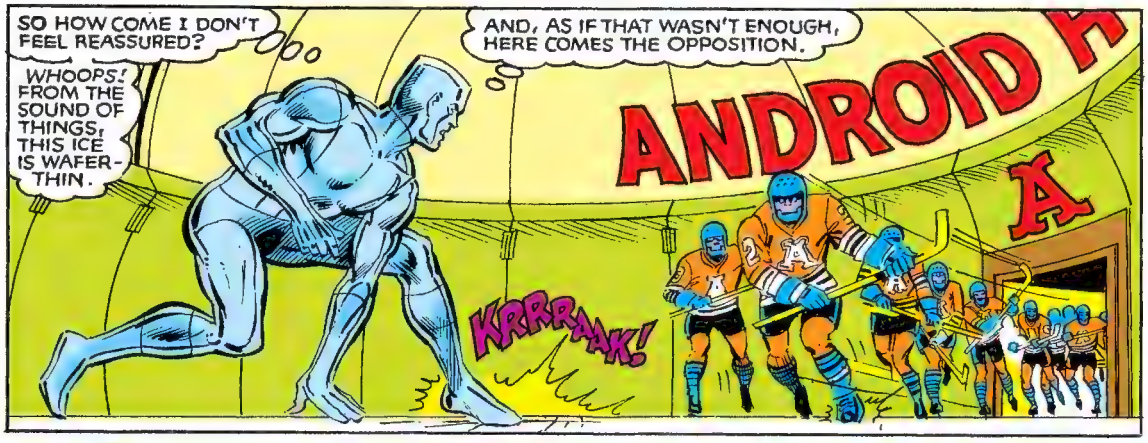
WE'RE BEIN' SEPARATED-- JUST LIKE LAST TIME!
I'M GLAD MY BROTHER, SCOTT, ISN'T HERE TO SEE THIS. SOME LEADER I'M TURNING OUT TO BE.
IT'S BEEN AGES SINCE I LAST USED MY SUPER-POWERS IN A FIGHT...
... AND THIS TIME, I'LL BE ON MY OWN. NICE.
WHAT HAPPENED?! DID MY POWERS FAIL -- OR WAS I OVERCONFIDENT?!

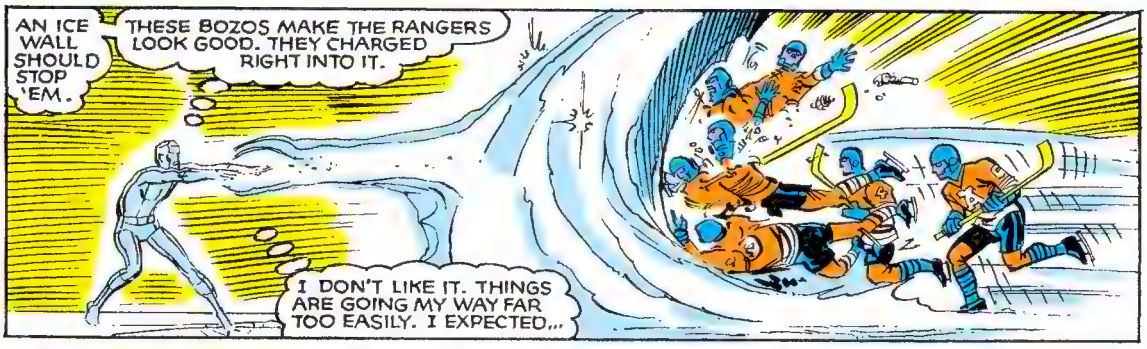

ELSEWHERE, IN MURDER-WORLD'S CONTROL ROOM...
STATUS REPORT, MISTER CHAMBERS.
BACK-UP SYSTEMS FULLY OPERATIONAL, MISS LOCKE. BUT IT WAS A NEAR THING. THE SHIELDS BARELY HELD AGAINST POLARIS' STRIKE. THEY WON'T SURVIVE ANOTHER LIKE IT.
THEY WON'T HAVE TO.
WHY?! BECAUSE SHE'LL BE DEAD?!

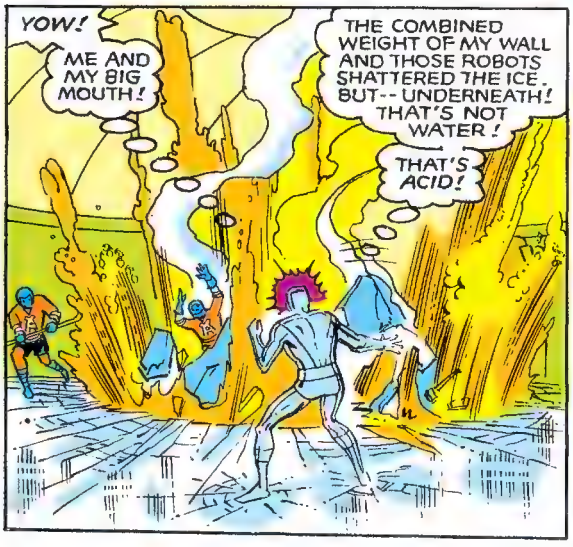

PRECISELY, MS. HUNTER. WOULD YOU CARE TO JOIN HER?
YOUR LIVES WERE FORFEIT THE INSTANT THE X-MEN ATTACKED.
DEAD, WE'RE OF NO USE TO YOU.
FRIGHTENED, YET DEFIANT. I LIKE THAT.
AND YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT -- FOR THE MOMENT. SHOULD CONDI-TIONS CHANGE, HOWEVER, YOU'LL BE THE FIRST TO KNOW.

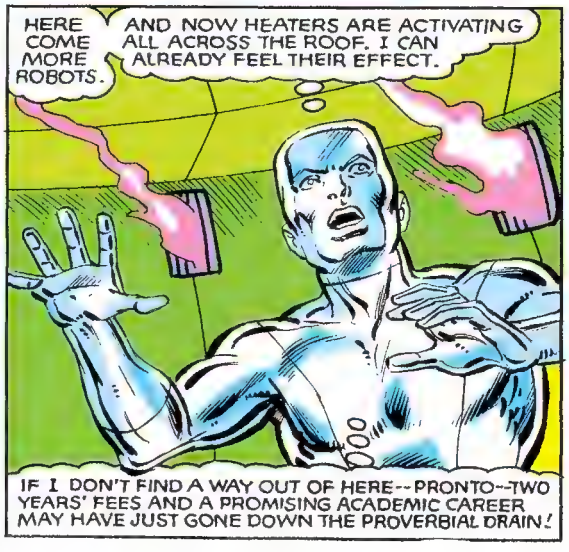

HAVOK.
END OF THE LINE. BUT WHERE THE BLAZES AM I?
AND WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?!
THIS ROCKET-SLED LOOKS LIKE SOME SORT OF CRAZY ROLLER-COASTER SET-UP.
BATTLE STAR WARS 99
THE ENGINES ARE FIRING! THE ROCKET'S MOVING!!
WITH THAT THOUGHT, HAVOK IS SMASHED BACKWARDS INTO HIS SEAT BY THE SLED'S SUDDEN, BRUTAL ACCELERATION.
HE SOON DISCOVERS, HOWEVER, THAT HIS CRAFT'S VIOLENT, UNPREDICTABLE COURSE REPRESENTS THE LEAST OF HIS PROBLEMS.
THIS IS RIDICULOUS. I'M FLYING--RACING--THROUGH THE MIDDLE OF A SPACE BATTLE. AND I SEEM TO BE EVERYONE'S FAVORITE TARGET.
I MUST BE INSIDE A GIANT HOLOGRAM FIELD--HEY! THAT ENERGY BOLT WAS REAL!
SOME OF THESE TINY SPACECRAFT ARE THE HOLOFIELD'S 3-DIMENSIONAL ILLUSIONS...
...BUT OTHERS ARE REAL, AND DEADLY.
AND I CAN'T TELL WHICH IS WHICH.
I HAVE TO ASSUME THEY'RE ALL REAL AND BLAST EVERYTHING I SEE. TROUBLE IS--JUST LIKE IN A VIDEO GAME--THE MORE I ZAP, THE MORE COME AFTER ME. I'M HARD-PRESSED AS IT IS. WHAT DO I DO IF THINGS GET WORSE?
I THINK THINGS JUST GOT WORSE.


ICEMAN.
OUCH!
AND TO THINK I COULD BE AT SCHOOL, ROMANCING SHEILA DELANEY, THE CUTE LADY FROM THE DORM NEXT DOOR.
ROMANCING--HAH! MORE LIKELY, I'D BE STUDYING FOR MONDAY'S ECONOMICS QUIZ. WHY, OH WHY DID I HAVE TO GROW UP TO BE SO DARNED CONSCIENTIOUS ???
I'M IN AN ICE RINK. NICE OF MISS LOCKE TO DUMP ME INTO MY OWN ELEMENT.


SO HOW COME I DON'T FEEL REASSURED?
WHOOPS! FROM THE SOUND OF THINGS, THIS ICE IS WAFER-THIN.
AND, AS IF THAT WASN'T ENOUGH, HERE COMES THE OPPOSITION.
ANDROID H
A
KRRRAAK!


AN ICE WALL SHOULD STOP 'EM.
THESE BOZOS MAKE THE RANGERS LOOK GOOD. THEY CHARGED RIGHT INTO IT.
I DON'T LIKE IT. THINGS ARE GOING MY WAY FAR TOO EASILY. I EXPECTED...


YOW!
ME AND MY BIG MOUTH!
THE COMBINED WEIGHT OF MY WALL AND THOSE ROBOTS SHATTERED THE ICE. BUT--UNDERNEATH! THAT'S NOT WATER!
THAT'S ACID!


HERE COME MORE ROBOTS.
AND NOW HEATERS ARE ACTIVATING ALL ACROSS THE ROOF. I CAN ALREADY FEEL THEIR EFFECT.
IF I DON'T FIND A WAY OUT OF HERE--PRONTO--TWO YEARS' FEES AND A PROMISING ACADEMIC CAREER MAY HAVE JUST GONE DOWN THE PROVERBIAL DRAIN!

POLARIS.

HER FIRST SENSATION IS MOVEMENT: REGULAR, GENTLE, UP-AND-DOWN, ROUND AND ROUND.

IT'S SO PEACEFUL THAT IT TAKES AN EFFORT FOR HER TO WAKE UP.

WHEN SHE FINALLY DOES SO, IT'S WITH THE MERRY TUNE OF A CALLIOPE IN HER EARS, THE SMELL OF FRESH POPCORN IN HER NOSTRILS, THE TASTE OF COTTON CANDY ON HER LIPS.

A... CAROUSEL!

IT'S BEAUTIFUL.

THAT SOUND-- A CHILD'S LAUGHTER!

THERE! RUNNING BY-- I RECOGNIZE HER FROM PHOTOGRAPHS PROFESSOR XAVIER SHOWED US. IT'S COLOSSUS' LITTLE SISTER, ILLYANA!

ILLYANA, DON'T RUN AWAY! I'M HERE TO HELP YOU!

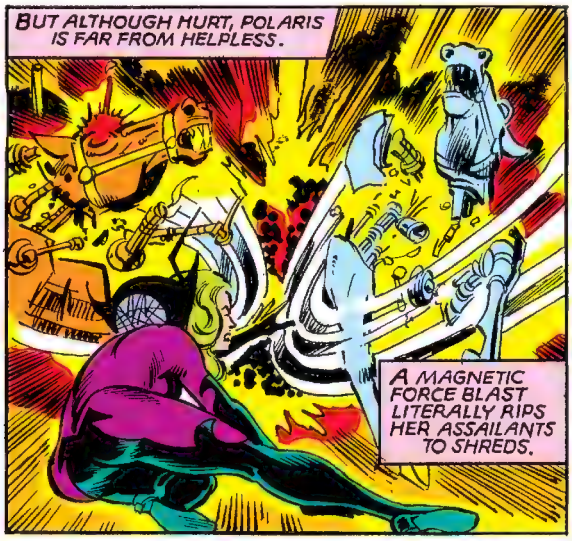
HER THOUGHTS FOCUSED ON THE GIRL SHE'S HERE TO RESCUE, POLARIS MOMENTARILY FORGETS THAT JUST BECAUSE SOMETHING IS BEAUTIFUL AND FAMILIAR...

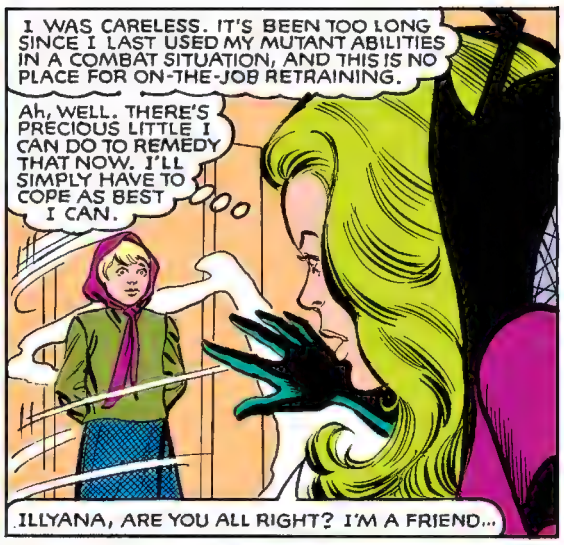
...DOES NOT MEAN IT'S NOT DANGEROUS.

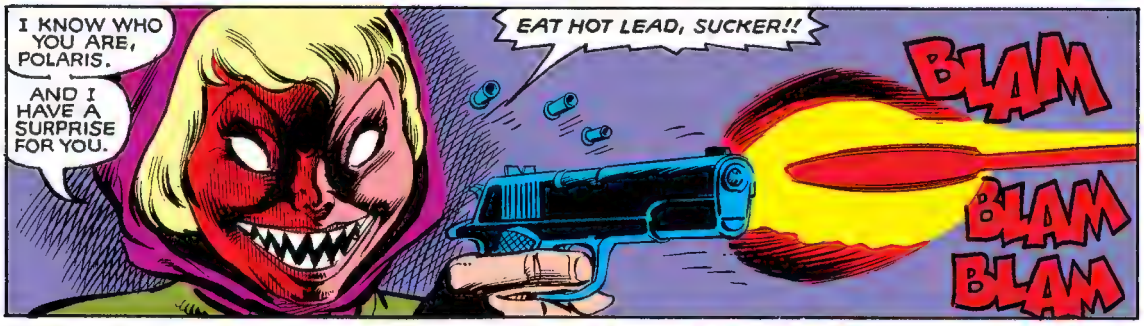
IT'S A LITTLE MISTAKE. IT COSTS HER.

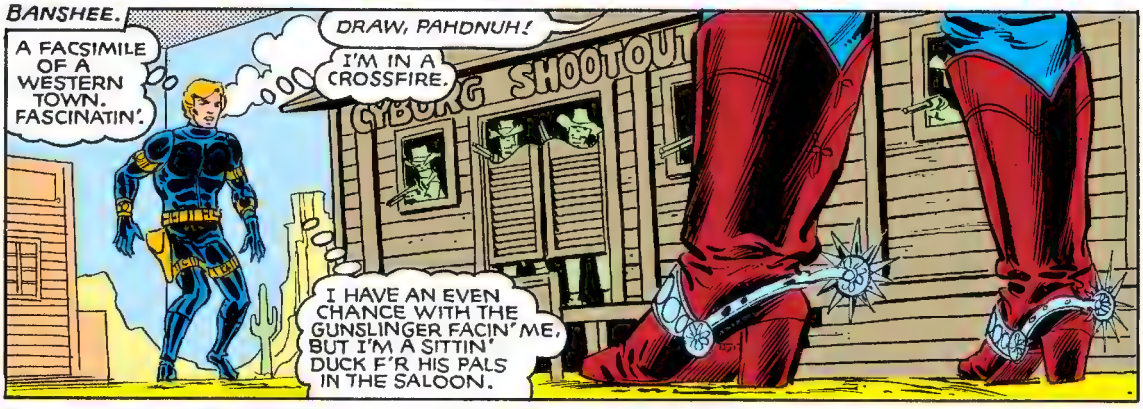
AAIII--!

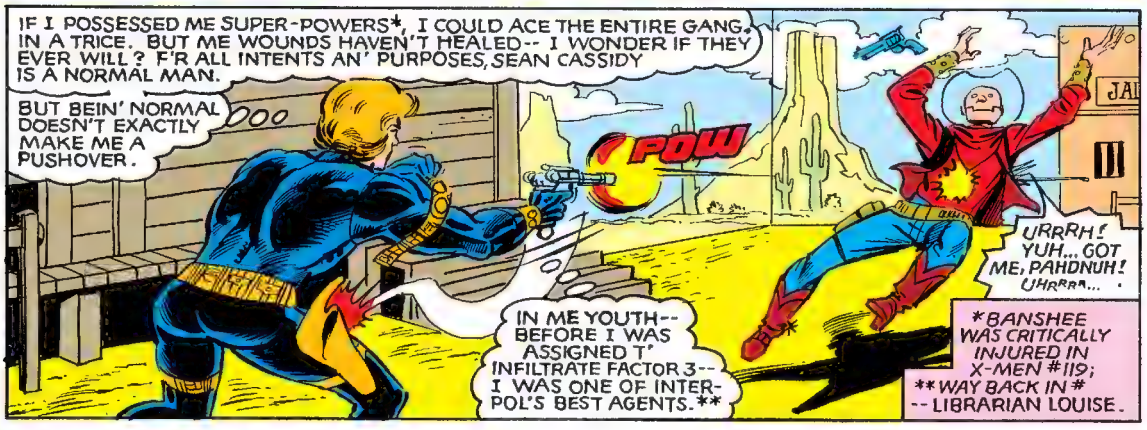
THE HOOF SLAMS HER TO THE FLOOR OF THE CAROUSEL, KNOCKING HER BREATH FROM HER. AROUND HER, FOLLOWING THE HORSE'S LEAD, ALL THE RIDE'S ANIMALS COME TO LIFE, AND CLOSE EAGERLY IN FOR THE KILL.

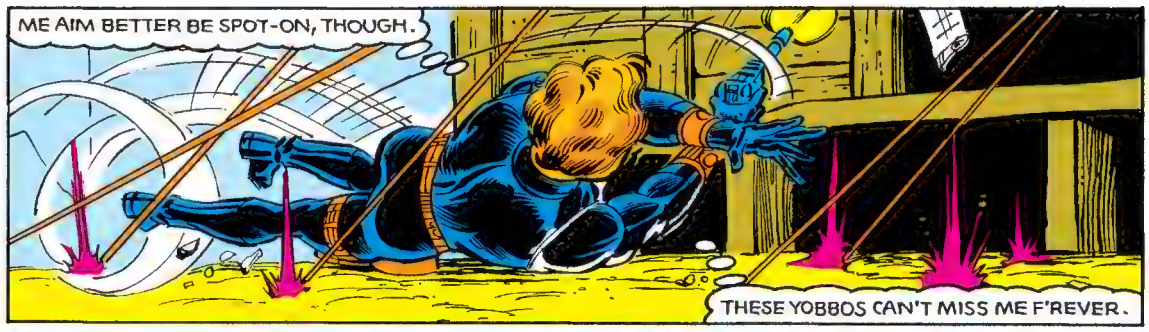

BUT ALTHOUGH HURT, POLARIS IS FAR FROM HELPLESS.
A MAGNETIC FORCE BLAST LITERALLY RIPS HER ASSAILANTS TO SHREDS.


I WAS CARELESS. IT'S BEEN TOO LONG SINCE I LAST USED MY MUTANT ABILITIES IN A COMBAT SITUATION, AND THIS IS NO PLACE FOR ON-THE-JOB RETRAINING.
Ah, WELL. THERE'S PRECIOUS LITTLE I CAN DO TO REMEDY THAT NOW. I'LL SIMPLY HAVE TO COPE AS BEST I CAN.
ILLYANA, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? I'M A FRIEND...

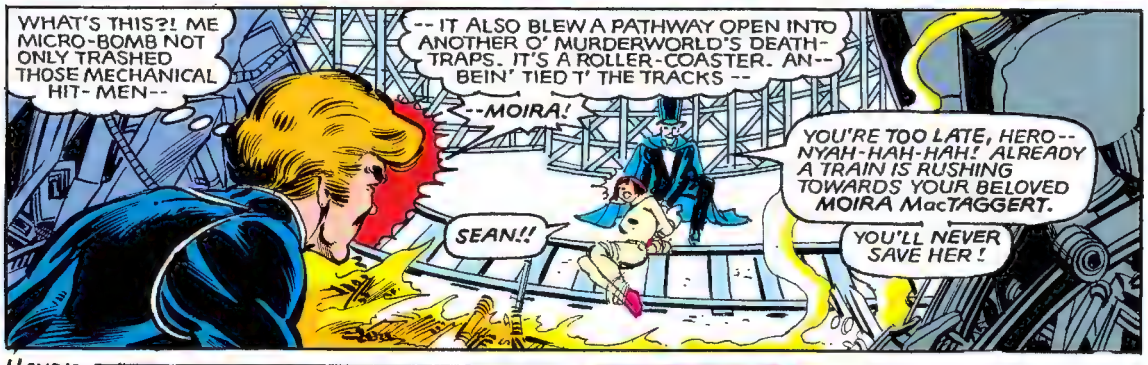

I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, POLARIS.
AND I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU.
EAT HOT LEAD, SUCKER!!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

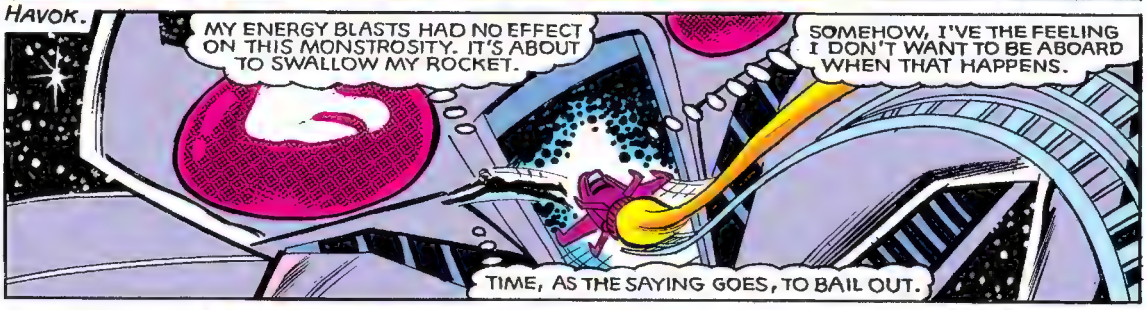

BANSHEE.
A FACSIMILE OF A WESTERN TOWN. FASCINATIN'.
DRAW, PAHDNUH!
I'M IN A CROSSFIRE.
CYBORG SHOOTOUT
I HAVE AN EVEN CHANCE WITH THE GUNSLINGER FACIN' ME, BUT I'M A SITTIN' DUCK F'R HIS PALS IN THE SALOON.

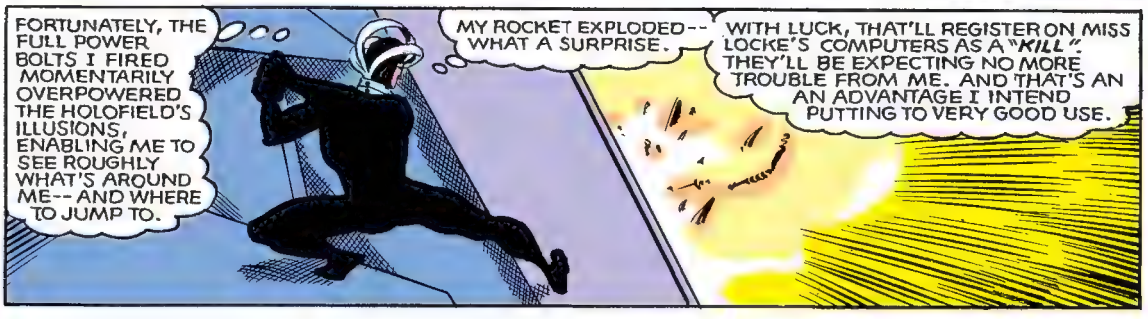

IF I POSSESSED ME SUPER-POWERS*, I COULD ACE THE ENTIRE GANG, IN A TRICE. BUT ME WOUNDS HAVEN'T HEALED-- I WONDER IF THEY EVER WILL? F'R ALL INTENTS AN' PURPOSES, SEAN CASSIDY IS A NORMAL MAN.
BUT BEIN' NORMAL DOESN'T EXACTLY MAKE ME A PUSHOVER.
POW
IN ME YOUTH-- BEFORE I WAS ASSIGNED T' INFILTRATE FACTOR 3-- I WAS ONE OF INTER-POL'S BEST AGENTS.**
URRRH! YUH... GOT ME, PAHDNUH! UHRRR...
*BANSHEE WAS CRITICALLY INJURED IN X-MEN #119;
**WAY BACK IN # --LIBRARIAN LOUISE.

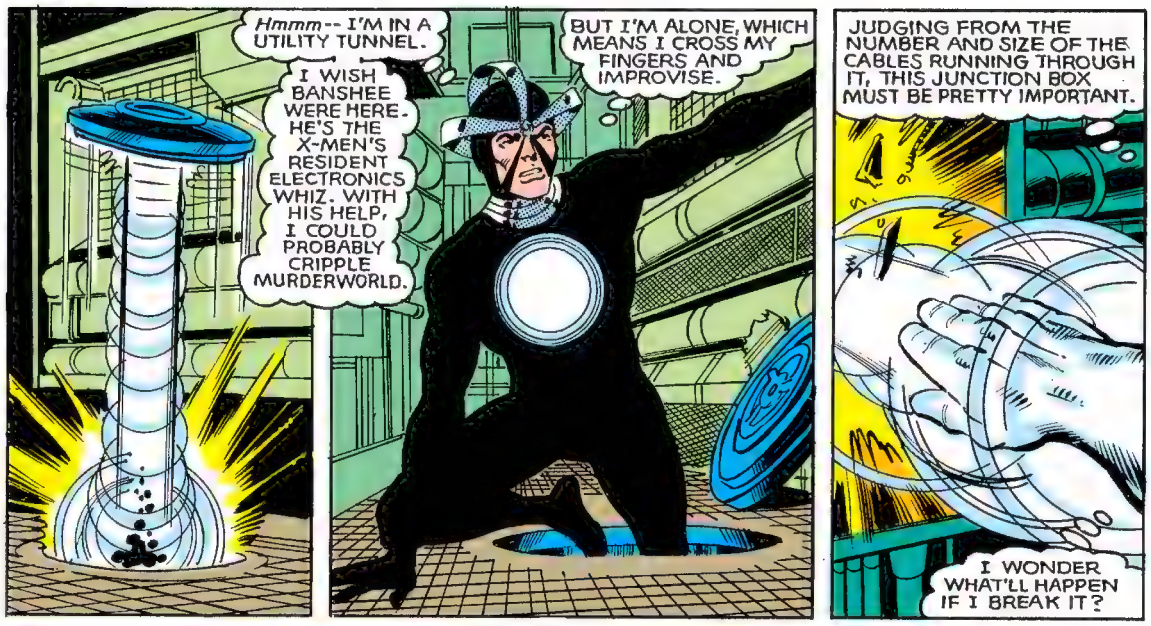

ME AIM BETTER BE SPOT-ON, THOUGH.
THESE YOBBOS CAN'T MISS ME F'REVER.

BWHOOM!

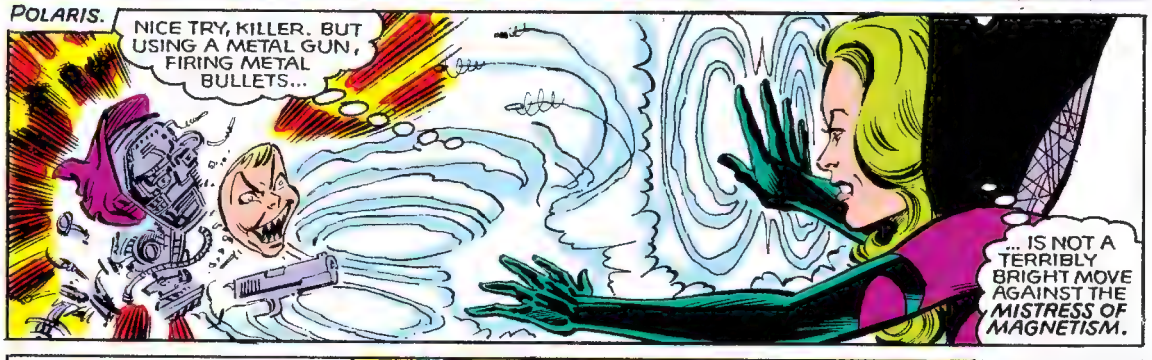

WHAT'S THIS?! ME MICRO-BOMB NOT ONLY TRASHED THOSE MECHANICAL HIT-MEN--
-- IT ALSO BLEW A PATHWAY OPEN INTO ANOTHER O' MURDERWORLD'S DEATH-TRAPS. IT'S A ROLLER-COASTER. AN-- BEIN' TIED T' THE TRACKS --
--MOIRA!
YOU'RE TOO LATE, HERO-- NYAH-HAH-HAH! ALREADY A TRAIN IS RUSHING TOWARDS YOUR BELOVED MOIRA MacTAGGERT.
SEAN!!
YOU'LL NEVER SAVE HER!

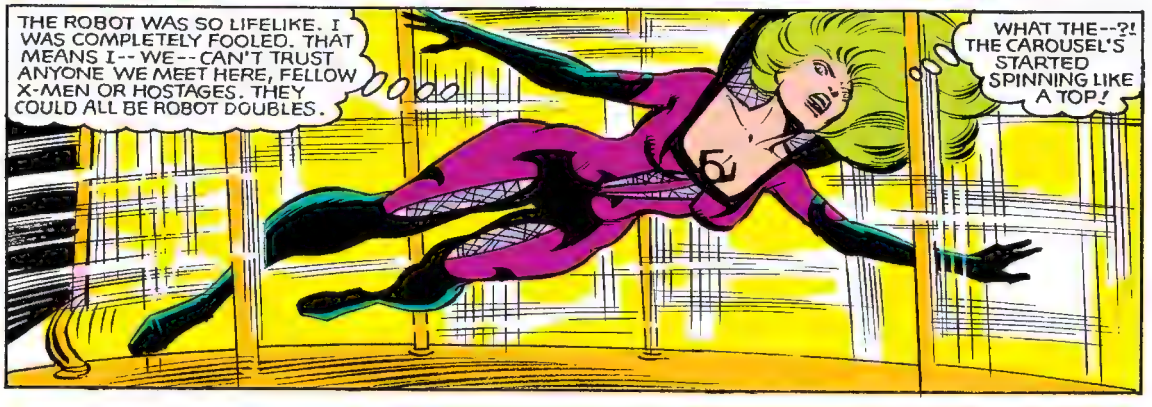

HAVOK.
MY ENERGY BLASTS HAD NO EFFECT ON THIS MONSTROSITY. IT'S ABOUT TO SWALLOW MY ROCKET.
SOMEHOW, I'VE THE FEELING I DON'T WANT TO BE ABOARD WHEN THAT HAPPENS.
TIME, AS THE SAYING GOES, TO BAIL OUT.

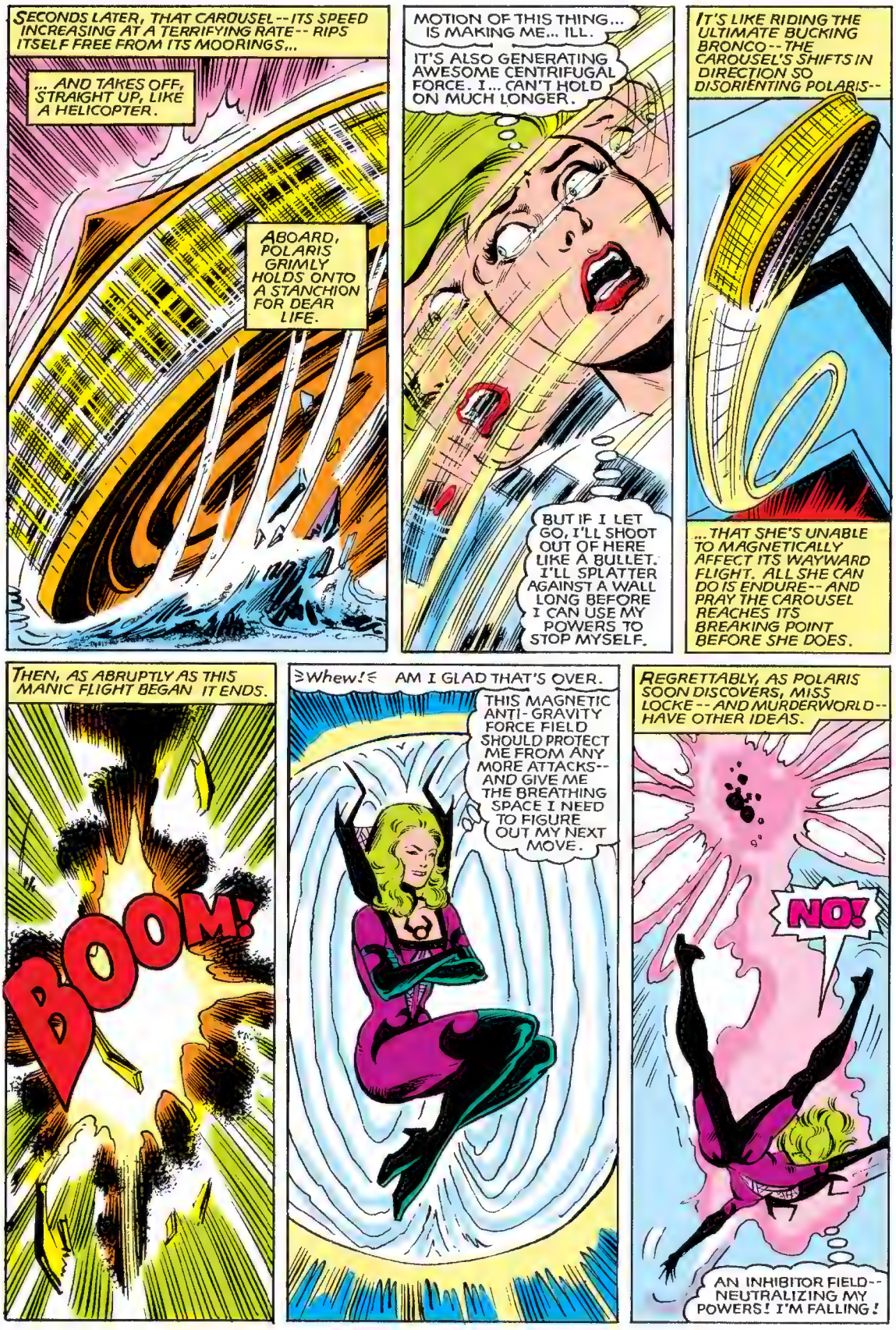

FORTUNATELY, THE FULL POWER BOLTS I FIRED MOMENTARILY OVERPOWERED THE HOLOFIELD'S ILLUSIONS, ENABLING ME TO SEE ROUGHLY WHAT'S AROUND ME-- AND WHERE TO JUMP TO.
MY ROCKET EXPLODED-- WHAT A SURPRISE.
WITH LUCK, THAT'LL REGISTER ON MISS LOCKE'S COMPUTERS AS A "KILL". THEY'LL BE EXPECTING NO MORE TROUBLE FROM ME. AND THAT'S AN AN ADVANTAGE I INTEND PUTTING TO VERY GOOD USE.

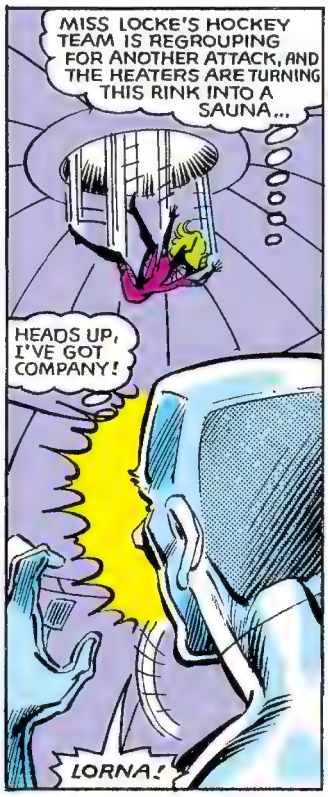

Hmmm-- I'M IN A UTILITY TUNNEL.
I WISH BANSHEE WERE HERE. HE'S THE X-MEN'S RESIDENT ELECTRONICS WHIZ. WITH HIS HELP, I COULD PROBABLY CRIPPLE MURDERWORLD.
BUT I'M ALONE, WHICH MEANS I CROSS MY FINGERS AND IMPROVISE.
JUDGING FROM THE NUMBER AND SIZE OF THE CABLES RUNNING THROUGH IT, THIS JUNCTION BOX MUST BE PRETTY IMPORTANT.
I WONDER WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF I BREAK IT?

IN THE CONTROL ROOM...
SYSTEMS DYSFUNCTION, MISS LOCKE-- SECTOR 12. I'D BEST INVESTIGATE.
BE CAREFUL, MR. CHAMBERS.
WE LOST MOST OF OUR INTERNAL DEFENSIVE CAPABILITY WHEN POLARIS SHORTED THE PRIMARY SYSTEMS. IF YOU SPOT ANYTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY, IF YOU RUN INTO TROUBLE, NOTIFY ME AT ONCE.

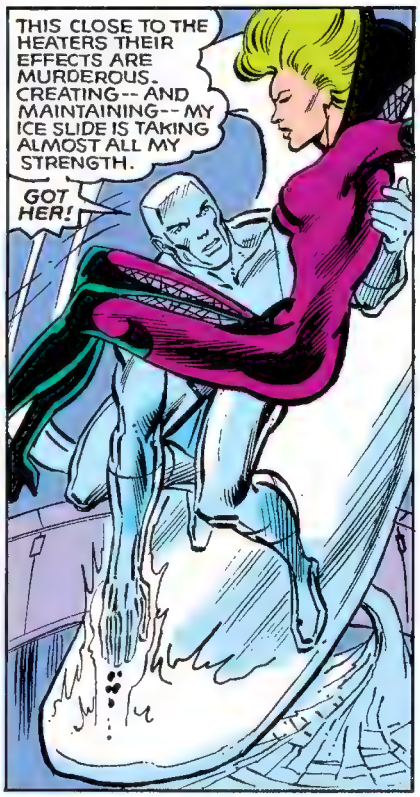

POLARIS.
NICE TRY, KILLER. BUT USING A METAL GUN, FIRING METAL BULLETS...
... IS NOT A TERRIBLY BRIGHT MOVE AGAINST THE MISTRESS OF MAGNETISM.

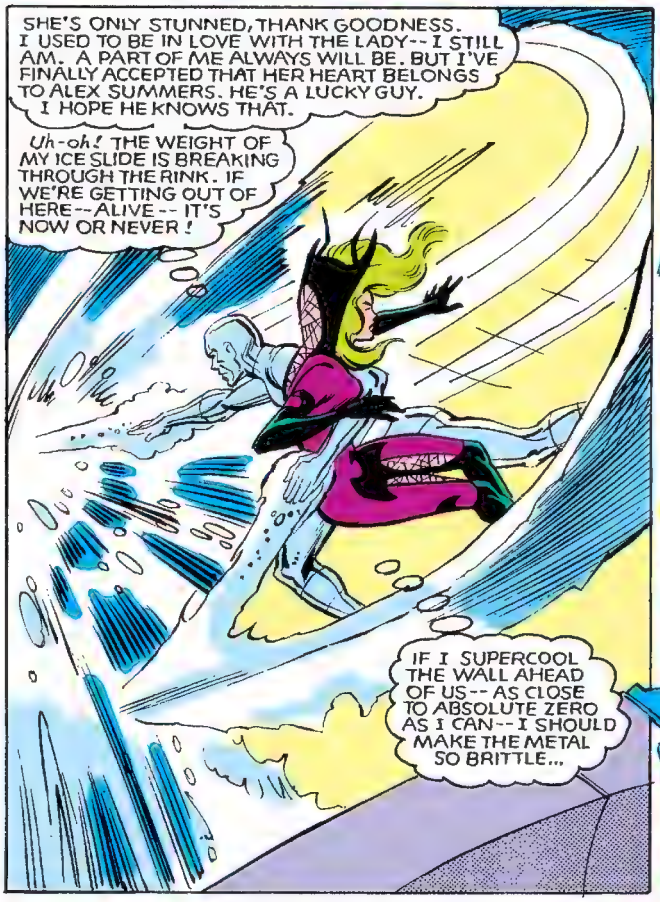

THE ROBOT WAS SO LIFELIKE. I WAS COMPLETELY FOOLED. THAT MEANS I-- WE-- CAN'T TRUST ANYONE WE MEET HERE, FELLOW X-MEN OR HOSTAGES. THEY COULD ALL BE ROBOT DOUBLES.
WHAT THE--?! THE CAROUSEL'S STARTED SPINNING LIKE A TOP!

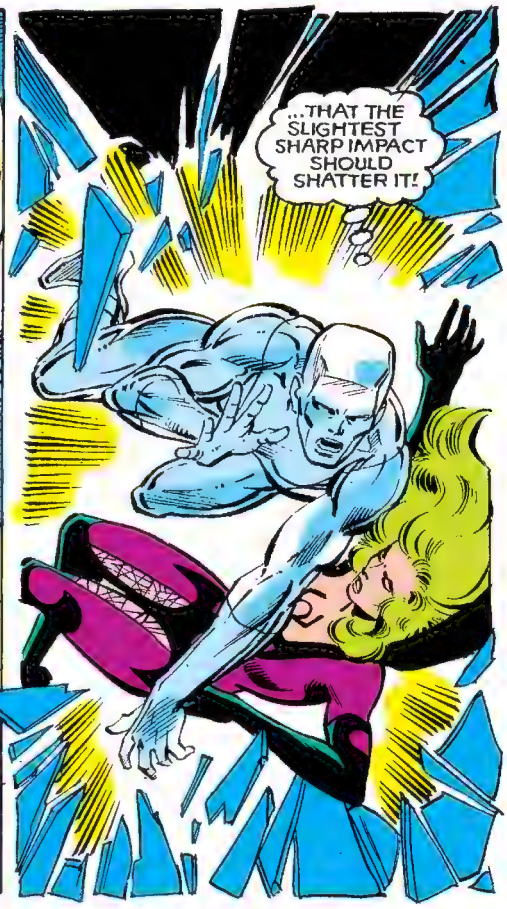

SECONDS LATER, THAT CAROUSEL--ITS SPEED INCREASING AT A TERRIFYING RATE--RIPS ITSELF FREE FROM ITS MOORINGS...
... AND TAKES OFF, STRAIGHT UP, LIKE A HELICOPTER.
ABOARD, POLARIS GRIMLY HOLDS ONTO A STANCHION FOR DEAR LIFE.
MOTION OF THIS THING... IS MAKING ME... ILL.
IT'S ALSO GENERATING AWESOME CENTRIFUGAL FORCE. I... CAN'T HOLD ON MUCH LONGER.
BUT IF I LET GO, I'LL SHOOT OUT OF HERE LIKE A BULLET. I'LL SPLATTER AGAINST A WALL LONG BEFORE I CAN USE MY POWERS TO STOP MYSELF.
IT'S LIKE RIDING THE ULTIMATE BUCKING BRONCO--THE CAROUSEL'S SHIFTS IN DIRECTION SO DISORIENTING POLARIS--
...THAT SHE'S UNABLE TO MAGNETICALLY AFFECT ITS WAYWARD FLIGHT. ALL SHE CAN DO IS ENDURE--AND PRAY THE CAROUSEL REACHES ITS BREAKING POINT BEFORE SHE DOES.
THEN, AS ABRUPTLY AS THIS MANIC FLIGHT BEGAN IT ENDS.
BOOM!
≥Whew!≤ AM I GLAD THAT'S OVER.
THIS MAGNETIC ANTI-GRAVITY FORCE FIELD SHOULD PROTECT ME FROM ANY MORE ATTACKS--AND GIVE ME THE BREATHING SPACE I NEED TO FIGURE OUT MY NEXT MOVE.
REGRETTABLY, AS POLARIS SOON DISCOVERS, MISS LOCKE--AND MURDERWORLD--HAVE OTHER IDEAS.
NO!
AN INHIBITOR FIELD--NEUTRALIZING MY POWERS! I'M FALLING!


MISS LOCKE'S HOCKEY TEAM IS REGROUPING FOR ANOTHER ATTACK, AND THE HEATERS ARE TURNING THIS RINK INTO A SAUNA...
HEADS UP, I'VE GOT COMPANY!
LORNA!

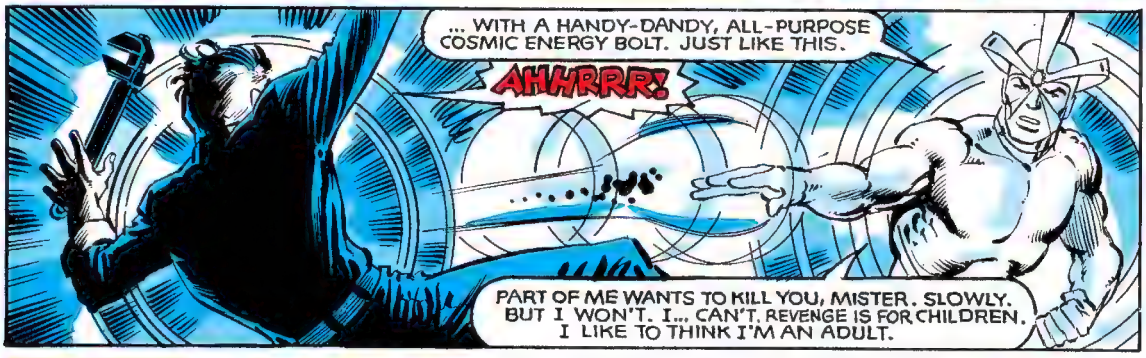
IF THE FALL ITSELF DOESN'T KILL HER...
...THE FORCE OF IMPACT WILL SMASH THE ICE BENEATH HER, PLUNGING HER INTO THE ACID -- UNLESS I REACH HER FIRST!


THIS CLOSE TO THE HEATERS THEIR EFFECTS ARE MURDEROUS. CREATING -- AND MAINTAINING -- MY ICE SLIDE IS TAKING ALMOST ALL MY STRENGTH.
GOT HER!

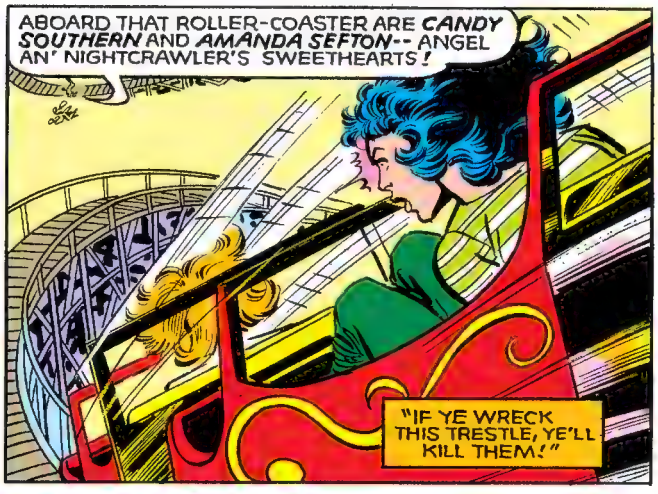

SHE'S ONLY STUNNED, THANK GOODNESS. I USED TO BE IN LOVE WITH THE LADY -- I STILL AM. A PART OF ME ALWAYS WILL BE. BUT I'VE FINALLY ACCEPTED THAT HER HEART BELONGS TO ALEX SUMMERS. HE'S A LUCKY GUY. I HOPE HE KNOWS THAT.
Uh-oh! THE WEIGHT OF MY ICE SLIDE IS BREAKING THROUGH THE RINK. IF WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE -- ALIVE -- IT'S NOW OR NEVER!
IF I SUPERCOOL THE WALL AHEAD OF US -- AS CLOSE TO ABSOLUTE ZERO AS I CAN -- I SHOULD MAKE THE METAL SO BRITTLE...

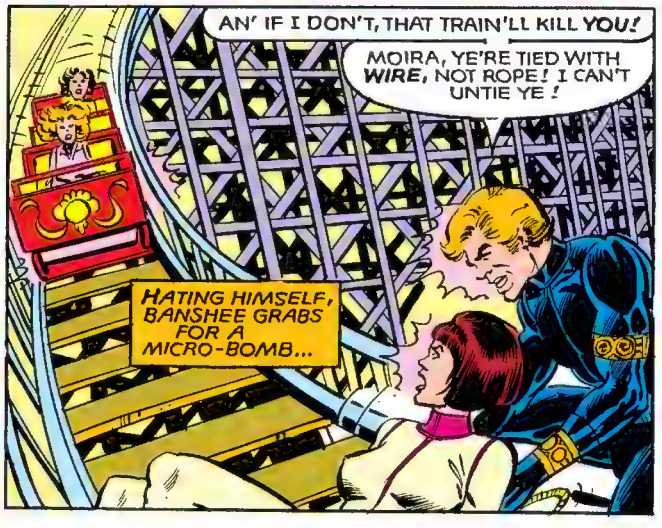

...THAT THE SLIGHTEST SHARP IMPACT SHOULD SHATTER IT!

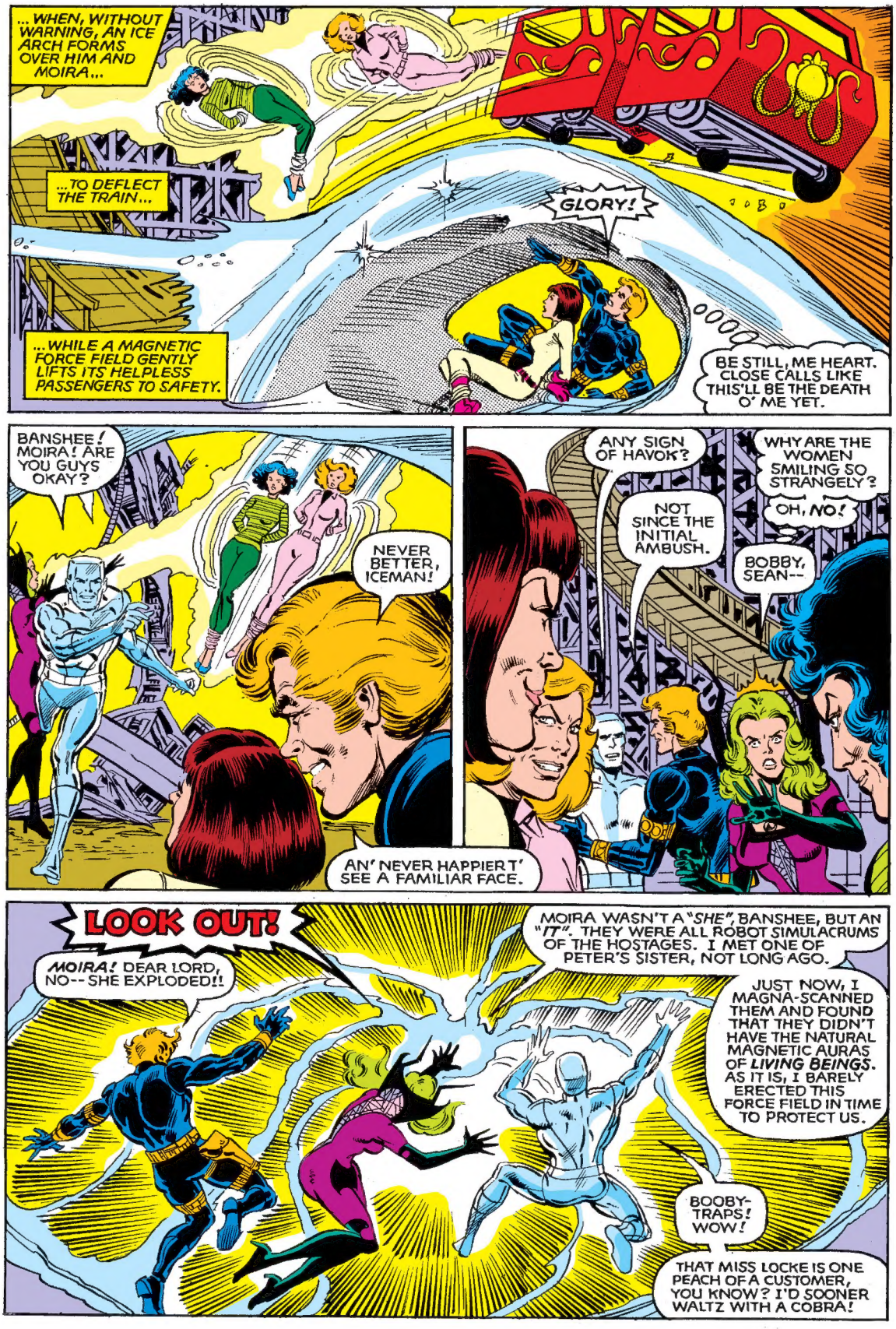
AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE SERVICE TUNNEL...
THIS WAS NO INTERNAL DISRUPTION.
THE JUNCTION BOX WAS BLASTED FROM OUTSIDE!
I CANNOT TELL A LIE, SIR.
Eh--?!
I DID IT...

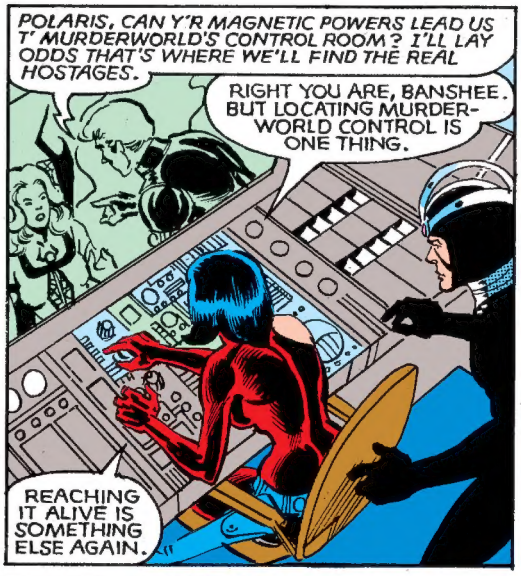

... WITH A HANDY-DANDY, ALL-PURPOSE COSMIC ENERGY BOLT. JUST LIKE THIS.
AHHRRR!
PART OF ME WANTS TO KILL YOU, MISTER. SLOWLY. BUT I WON'T. I... CAN'T. REVENGE IS FOR CHILDREN. I LIKE TO THINK I'M AN ADULT.

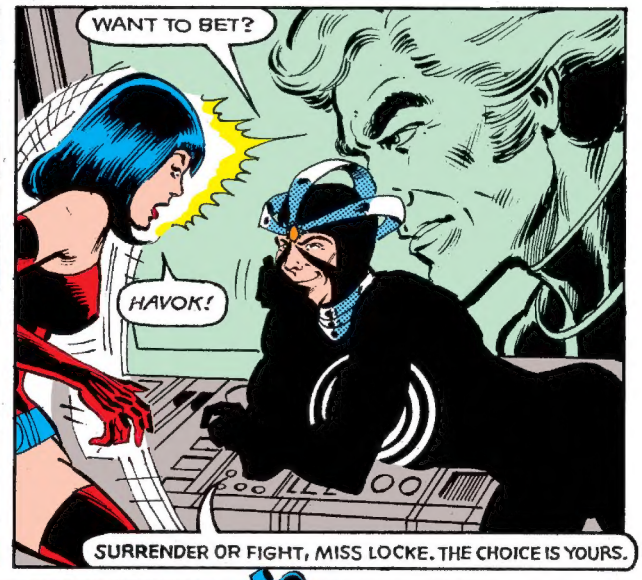
ELSEWHERE...
YE'LL NOT HARM MOIRA, YE SPALLEEN!
I'VE STILL SOME MICRO-BOMBS LEFT. IT'LL BE A SIMPLE MATTER T' DERAIL THE TRAIN LONG BEFORE IT REACHES HERE.
SEAN, YE CANNOT DO THAT!

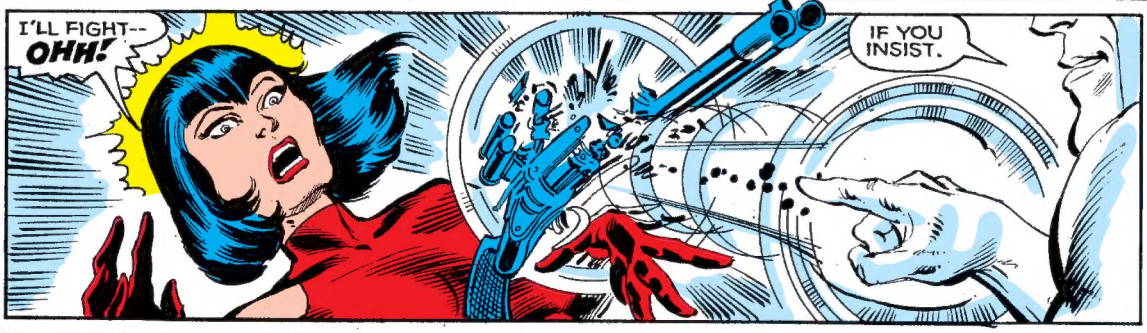

ABOARD THAT ROLLER-COASTER ARE CANDY SOUTHERN AND AMANDA SEFTON-- ANGEL AN' NIGHTCRAWLER'S SWEETHEARTS!
"IF YE WRECK THIS TRESTLE, YE'LL KILL THEM!"


AN' IF I DON'T, THAT TRAIN'LL KILL YOU!
MOIRA, YE'RE TIED WITH WIRE, NOT ROPE! I CAN'T UNTIE YE!
HATING HIMSELF, BANSHEE GRABS FOR A MICRO-BOMB...

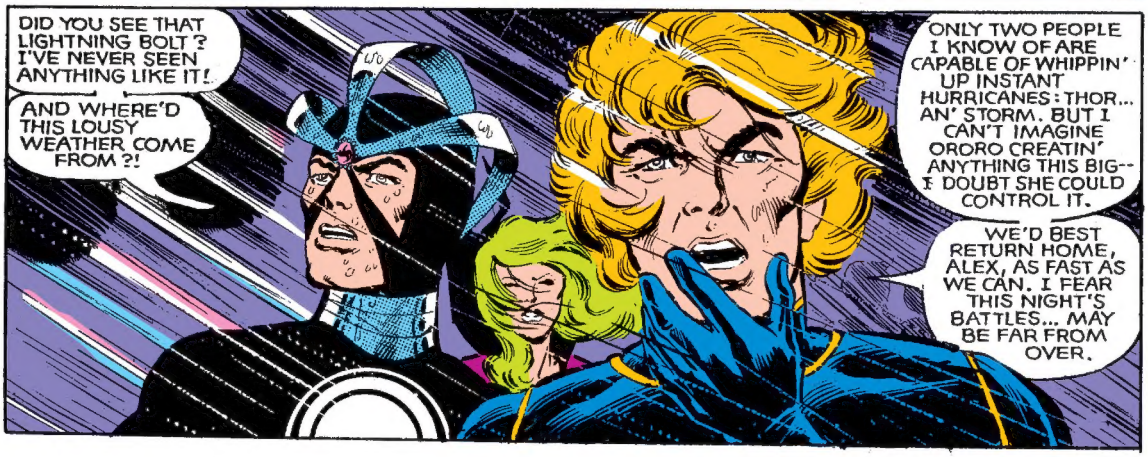

...WHEN, WITHOUT WARNING, AN ICE ARCH FORMS OVER HIM AND MOIRA...
...TO DEFLECT THE TRAIN...
...WHILE A MAGNETIC FORCE FIELD GENTLY LIFTS ITS HELPLESS PASSENGERS TO SAFETY.
GLORY!
BE STILL, ME HEART. CLOSE CALLS LIKE THIS'LL BE THE DEATH O' ME YET.
BANSHEE! MOIRA! ARE YOU GUYS OKAY?
NEVER BETTER, ICEMAN!
AN' NEVER HAPPIER T' SEE A FAMILIAR FACE.
ANY SIGN OF HAVOK?
NOT SINCE THE INITIAL AMBUSH.
WHY ARE THE WOMEN SMILING SO STRANGELY?
OH, NO!
BOBBY, SEAN--
LOOK OUT!
MOIRA! DEAR LORD, NO--SHE EXPLODED!!
MOIRA WASN'T A "SHE", BANSHEE, BUT AN "IT". THEY WERE ALL ROBOT SIMULACRUMS OF THE HOSTAGES. I MET ONE OF PETER'S SISTER, NOT LONG AGO.
JUST NOW, I MAGNA-SCANNED THEM AND FOUND THAT THEY DIDN'T HAVE THE NATURAL MAGNETIC AURAS OF LIVING BEINGS. AS IT IS, I BARELY ERECTED THIS FORCE FIELD IN TIME TO PROTECT US.
BOOBY-TRAPS! WOW!
THAT MISS LOCKE IS ONE PEACH OF A CUSTOMER, YOU KNOW? I'D SOONER WALTZ WITH A COBRA!

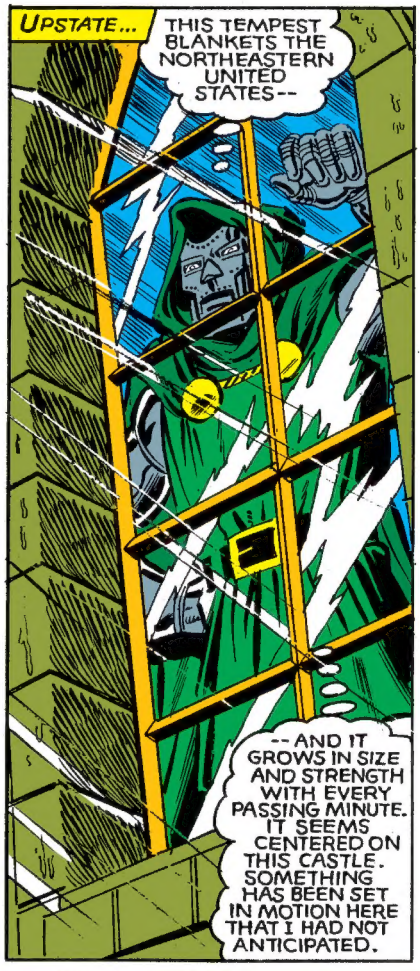

POLARIS, CAN Y'R MAGNETIC POWERS LEAD US T' MURDERWORLD'S CONTROL ROOM? I'LL LAY ODDS THAT'S WHERE WE'LL FIND THE REAL HOSTAGES.
RIGHT YOU ARE, BANSHEE. BUT LOCATING MURDER-WORLD CONTROL IS ONE THING.
REACHING IT ALIVE IS SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN.

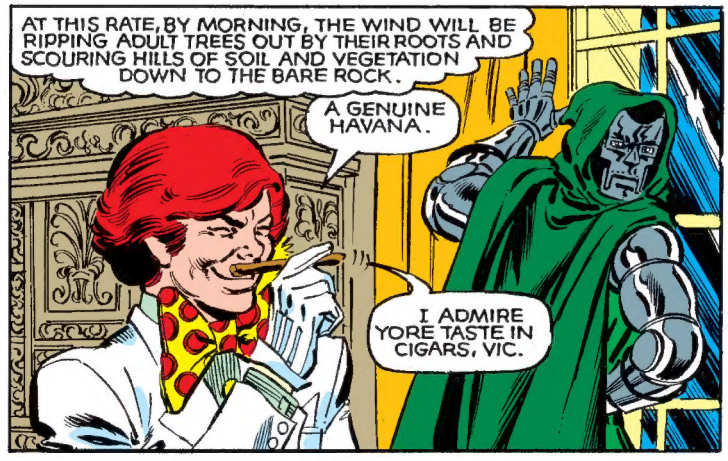

WANT TO BET?
HAVOK!
SURRENDER OR FIGHT, MISS LOCKE. THE CHOICE IS YOURS.

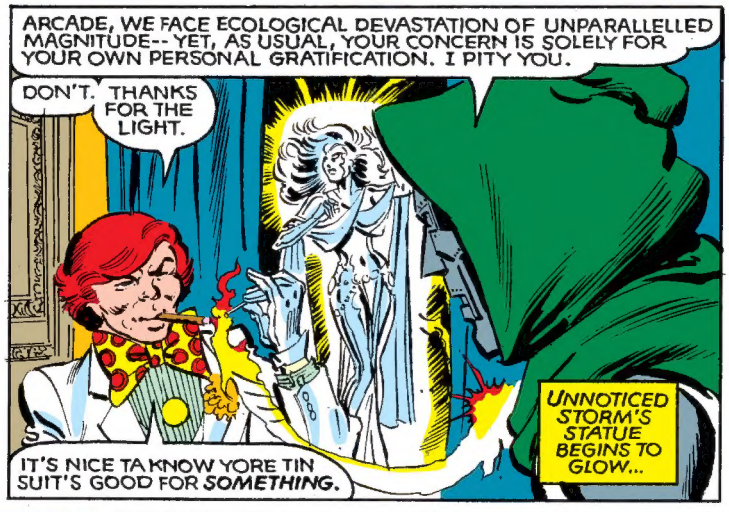

I'LL FIGHT-- OHH!
IF YOU INSIST.

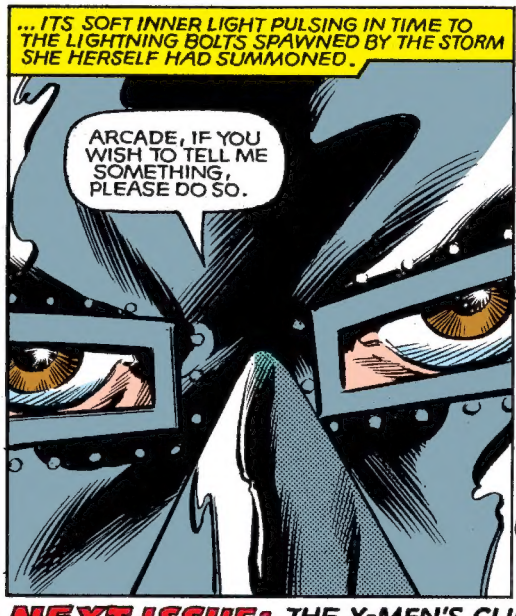
ONCE OUR HEROES DETERMINE THAT MISS LOCKE AND Mr. CHAMBERS ARE THE ONLY PEOPLE IN MURDERWORLD--
--OTHER THAN THEMSELVES AND THE HOSTAGES, OF COURSE-- IT BECOMES A RELATIVELY SIMPLE MATTER DISARM THE GIANT COMPLEX, REVIVE AND RELEASE THEIR FRIENDS AND, FINALLY, MAKE THEIR WEARY WAY BACK TO THE WAITING HOVERCRAFT.
THERE, THEY FIND THAT THINGS HAVE CHANGED SOMEWHAT SINCE THEY WENT UNDERGROUND.
NORTH BEACH LANDFILL PROJECT
KEEP OUT
LOOK AT THAT!


DID YOU SEE THAT LIGHTNING BOLT? I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!
AND WHERE'D THIS LOUSY WEATHER COME FROM?!
ONLY TWO PEOPLE I KNOW OF ARE CAPABLE OF WHIPPIN' UP INSTANT HURRICANES: THOR... AN' STORM. BUT I CAN'T IMAGINE ORORO CREATIN' ANYTHING THIS BIG-- I DOUBT SHE COULD CONTROL IT.
WE'D BEST RETURN HOME, ALEX, AS FAST AS WE CAN. I FEAR THIS NIGHT'S BATTLES... MAY BE FAR FROM OVER.









NEXT ISSUE: THE X-MEN'S CLIMACTIC SHOWDOWN WITH Dr. DOOM AND

ARCADE!

MINUTEMEN

Sy13nt
Bob